TOMMY'S FIRST SPEAKER

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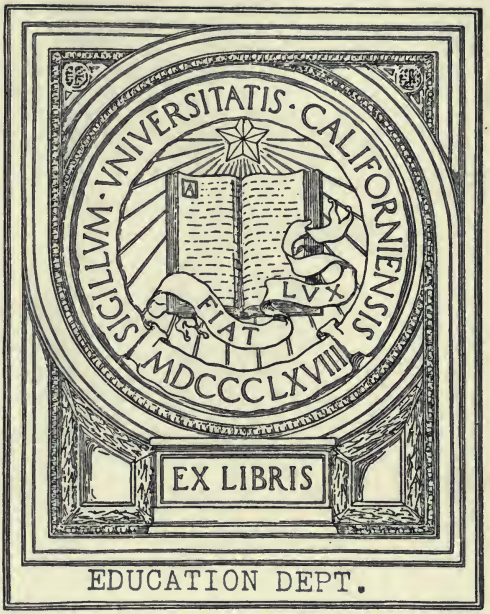
FOR LITTLE BOYS & GIRLS

Edited By Tommy Himself

CHICAGO.
W. H. HARRISON, JR., PUBLISHER
257 State St.



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FOR

LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

EDITED BY TOMMY HIMSELF.

CHICAGO:
W. H. HARRISON, JR., PUBLISHER.
1886.

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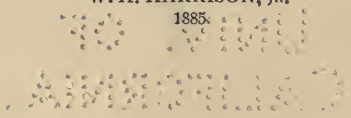

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PREFACE.

To the Young Children of America:

Dear Boys and Girls,—It is many and many a year ago since I was born, in a little kingdom far over the sea. In that little kingdom so far away, and in those days so long ago, boys and girls had not privileges and opportunities such as you enjoy. There were no common schools, no first, second and third readers; and hundreds and thousands of boys and girls had to go to work when they ought to have been at school. When I was eleven years old I went to work, and worked from seven o'clock in the morning to seven o'clock in the evening for sixty cents a week. And in those days books were very scarce indeed. You could not have bought such a book as "Chatterbox" for a thousand dollars, when I was a boy, because there were no such books made for children. Most of the boys and girls of that little kingdom grew up without any education except such as was given them at the Sunday school. Very few, indeed, could read or write well. But God was good to me, and gave me a mother who was as wise as she was good and beautiful. One of her greatest desires was that her boys should have cultivated minds and generous hearts. And so, blessed with more than common mental ability, she became the teacher of her children. My earliest recollections are of sitting by the fire, reading the New Testament to my mother while she was busy about her household cares. I keep that old copy of the Gospels, and though it is worn and thumbed, and covered with rough brown paper, I regard it as one of my most sacred treasures.

Well, as time went on I became very fond of reading, and then of reciting, and soon I was sent for by friends and neighbors to speak some little piece at weddings and merry-makings. I was generally

placed upon a chair, and sometimes I stood upon the table, and making a bow to my audience, would say: "I'm half a rogue and half a rascal, my name is Tommy, and if you will listen to me I shall be glad." Then I would speak my piece; and from that day to this, though my hair has grown gray, I have always found great delight in reciting, and especially to young people. But where to get suitable pieces has always been a difficulty. I have often walked miles when a boy, for some little poem, and many hours have I spent rumaging through old books and magazines, from which I copied hundreds of little recitations. Whenever my friends found a suitable piece they would be sure to copy it and send it to "Tommy." So in the course of years I gathered many hundreds of poems and stories and sketches. Not long ago Mr. Harrison, the enterprising publisher, of Chicago, came to me and said he wanted a "Speaker" for very young children, so I set to work and went all through my large store of library treasures, and found so many good things that I concluded it was best to make two Speakers, this one first, for very young children, composed almost entirely of little poems. The pieces in this First Speaker are simple, serious, quaint and pleasant; and all so short, that very little children may easily learn them with a little perseverence. I have arranged the index, beginning on page 9, so that you can easily find a piece specially suitable for a little boy or little girl. My Second Speaker contains speeches and sketches, as well as poems suitable for children a little older. Here there are about two hundred and fifty little pieces that I am sure will be found both charming and instructive. I advise you to learn what you learn thoroughly before you try to recite. And I only hope, dear boys and girls, you will have as much pleasure in studying this book and speaking these pieces as I have had in preparing it for you.

Your affectionate friend,

TOMMY.

TOMMY'S FIRST SPEAKER.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

HOW THE BABIES GROW.

Baby wee, baby wee!
What does little baby see?
All among her pillows lying,
Never fretful, never crying;
  Caper and crow, caper and crow!
  That's the way that babies grow!

Baby fair, baby fair!
Rosy cheeks and curly hair,
All among her pillows playing,
Little chubby hands displaying;
  Caper and crow, caper and crow!
  That's the way that babies grow!

JENNIE CARROLL.

"I CANT" AND "I CAN."

"I Can't" is a sluggard, too lazy to work;
From duty he shrinks, every task he will shirk;
No bread on his board, and no meal in his bag,
His house is a ruin, his coat is a rag.

"I Can" is a worker; he tills the broad fields,
And digs from the earth all the wealth that it yields;
The hum of his spindles begins with the light,
And the fires of his forges are blazing all night.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

THE CHICKENS.

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"I wish I could find
A fat little worm."

Said the next little chicken,
With on odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little slug."

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A little green leaf."

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone."

"Now, see here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and scratch."

GOD'S MARK ON ALL THINGS.

There's not a leaf within the bower,
There's not a bird upon the tree,
There's not a dew-drop on the flower,
But bears the impress, Lord, of Thee.

MRS. AMELIA OPIE.

A LAWYER'S POEM TO SPRING.

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays
  Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,—
  Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The songs of those said birds arouse
  The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
  As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
  Love, 'mid the aforesaid boughs, enshrines
In freehold nests; themselves, their heirs,
  Administrators and assigns.

O, busiest term of Cupid's court,
  Where tender plaintiffs actions bring,
Season of frolic and of sport,
  Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

SIX YEARS OLD.

When Joe, and Kate, and Dick, and Bell,
  Started to school last fall,
I cried to go, and papa said
  He thought I was too small.

I begged so hard, at last he said,
  "Well, you can go to-day;
For after this, I'm very sure,
  At home, you'll want to stay."

But I'm not tired yet, and you
  Can judge now by my looks,
That though I am but six years old,
  I like my school and books.

BONNIE LASSES.

Just fair enough to be pretty,
  Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
  Just dainty enough to be neat.

Just tall enough to be graceful,
  Just slight enough for a fay,
Just dress enough to be tasteful,
  Just merry enough to be gay.

Just meek enough for submission,
  Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
  Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

Generous enough, and kind-hearted,
  Pure as the angels above;
From them may we never be parted,
  For these are the lasses we love.

LADDY BLUE EYES.

What makes your eyes so blue, laddy?
  What makes your eyes so blue?
Have the violets been whispering
  Their secrets, dear, to you?

I think the summer pansies
  Gave you their charms to keep;
Perhaps the bluebells kissed your eyes
  When they were fast asleep.

Or, maybe, ah! now I have guessed it,
  I thought I could if I'd try,
You got those bits of heaven's blue
  When you came down from the sky.

MINNA CAROLINE SMITH.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

"I'm just now in the country for a stay,"
Said *he* (a little town bird)
To *her* (a litttle brown bird),
In the course of a conversation one fine day.

"I think a country life is very slow;
There's really no variety;
You never see society,—
You might as well be buried, don't you know.

"In town there are so many things to do;
You cut a thousand capers,
You see the daily papers,—
I think I'd live in town if I were you."

Said *she*, "I do not envy you town life;
The village children love me,
The blue sky is above me,
And every day is free from care and strife;
I think," said she, "it is a thousand pities,
That little birds should live in great big cities."

BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

There is beauty in the forest,
When the trees are green and fair;
There is beauty in the meadow,
Where wild flowers scent the air;
There is beauty in the sunlight,
And the soft, blue sky above:
Oh, the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love!

W. L. SMITH.

THE LITTLE PEDDLERS.

[In reciting this piece the little speaker should have a small basket with ribbons, laces, toys, etc., and should be surrounded by three or four young companions carrying similar baskets.]

We're playing we are peddlers,
And we're going up and down,
Just as they do to sell their goods
To people in the town.
We each one have a basket,
To carry on our backs;
We've filled them full of ev'rything,
And play they are our packs.

Now, won't you buy an elephant,
'Tis not so very big?
Or would you like a curly dog,
Or funny china pig?
Then we can show you ribbons,
Some apples and some cake;
We'll be delighted to supply
Whatever choice you make.

MILLICENT MOOR.

A BUTTERFLY ON BABY'S GRAVE.

A butterfly basked on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow;
"Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low?"
Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
"I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings;
Would'st thou call the blessed one back?"

BOYS WANTED

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything,—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
Who all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
"Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,
At the desk, where'er you be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

ALL THINGS LOVE ME.

O little flowers! you love me so,
You could not do without me;
O little birds that come and go!
You sing sweet songs about me;
O little moss, observed by few,
That round the tree is creeping!
You like my head to rest on you,
When I am idly sleeping.

THE TWO SQUIRRELS.

There were two squirrels
That lived in a wood;
The one was naughty,
The other was good.

The naughty one's name was Dandy Jim;
His mother was very fond of him.
The good one's name was Johnny Black;
He had beautiful fur upon his back,
And he never went near the railroad track.

But Dandy Jim,
Alas for him!
He ran away
One summer day,
Over the hills and far away;
And his mother sought for him far and near,
But never a word of Jim could she hear.

He never came back;
For, crossing the track,
The railroad cars ran over him,
And that was the end of Dandy Jim.

But Johnny Black,
He always came back,
Whenever he went from his home away;
He thought at home was the place to stay.
He minded his mother,
Where'er he might be;
He thought that his mother
Knew better than he.

MY SWEETHEART.

"Now, mamma, if only you'll promise me true
That you never will tell, I will show it to you—
This beautiful picture—and then you will see
How lovely the face of my sweetheart must be.
Her cheeks they are rosy, her eyes they are bright,
Her hair always shines when it catches the light,
Her voice is so soft when she speaks with a smile,
I know she is loving me well all the while.
And when I am hurt—and—well—cry (for you see,
They have to sometimes, even big boys like me),
She puts her arms round me and comforts me so,
I'm sure to forget it the first thing I know.
She sings about sunshine and fairies and flowers,
And the stories she tells—you could listen for hours.

"Who is she? Well, tell me, what name do you guess?
When you get to the sweetest of all I'll say yes,—
No, no,—you are wrong. I must give you a peep;
But you'll surely remember the secret to keep
And never let out who is fondest of me?
Ho, ho, mamma, look in this glass and you'll see!"

SYDNEY DAYRE.

LITTLE MIDGET.

My papa sometimes scolds and says,
I'm always in a fidget;
But mamma says, I keep quite still
For such a little midget.

My teacher said to-day, she thought
That it was very smart
For such a little thing as I
To learn a speech "by heart."

OUR DAISY.

Our little Daisy is rosy and sweet,
Neat as a pin from her head to her feet;
Her long waving ringlets are yellow as gold,
And her bonnie brown eyes they are bright to behold.
All the day through it makes one rejoice
To hear the soft tones of her sweet, laughing voice;
Summer or winter, sunshine or rain,
No one hears Daisy fret or complain.

Up stairs and down, nimble with fun,
Two little slippered feet scamper and run,
While two little hands as nimble as they
Make themselves busy with work and with play.
Every one's errands they're ready to do—
Find mamma's needle, button her shoe;
Set papa's slippers down by the fire;
Build baby's block-house two stories higher.

KITTY.

[If the little girl who speaks this piece has a little white kitten in her hands it will add much to the effect.]

Kitty, my pretty, white kitty,
Why do you scamper away?
I've finished my work and my lesson,
And now I am ready for play.

Come, kitty, my own little kitty,
I've saved you some milk, come and see;
Now drink while I put on my bonnet,
And play in the garden with me.

WHAT MOTHER SAYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small muddy boots,
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
And spotless with blossoms and fruits!

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands,
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys,
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmed by the presence of boys!

I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day,
While you sit in yours unmolested,
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings;
Yet would not change places with you!

No! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise,
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys!

RUNNING AWAY.

The sky was clear, the stars were bright,
The grass was wet with dew,
When Johnny rose, put on his clothes,
And vowed what he would do.

"I'll leave my pa, I'll leave my ma;
I'll go from here to stay;
My parents both have been unkind,
And so I'll run away.

"I'll take my clothes, I'll take my all,
A slave I will not be;
I'll go out west, and do my best—
I'll strike for liberty!"

And Johnny started bravely out,
And said he'd ne'er return;
He said he'd go where he could live
And let his genius burn.

He traveled all that summer night,
And bravely through the day;
And then he said: "I wish that I
Had never run away.

"I'm tired and weak—I'm sick," said he,
With sadness in his tone;
"It isn't best to go out west—
At least to go *alone*.

ONLY FIVE.

I am a very little girl,
I'm only five years old;
I hope that none who hear me speak
Will think I am too bold.

WHO IS IT?

[At the close of this recitation some elderly person attired as Santa Claus should enter and distribute gifts to the children.]

Now, children, there's somebody coming,
So try to think sharply and well;
And, when I get through with my story,
Just see if his name you can tell.

His hair is as white as a snow-drift;
But then he is not very old.
His coat is of fur at this season:
The weather, you know, is so cold.

He'll bring all the children a present—
The rich, and I hope, too, the poor.
Some say that he comes down the chimney:
I think he comes in at the door.

GOLD.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled,
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold!
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad, a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary—
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary!

THOMAS HOOD.

PLAYING BARBER.

"I wish I was a little fish,
Or else a little kitty,
Or something that don't have the curls
Which grown folks think so pretty.

"It hurts so when I have them brushed,
And Mary, ev'ry morning,
Says I am 'such a naughty girl,'
She surely will 'give warning.'

"She jerks, and don't care how she pulls,
She says I'm 'very trying,'
But when they're tangled full of snarls,
How can I keep from crying?

"I'll play I am the barber-man
And cut them all to pieces.
I don't care if my papa does
Call them his 'golden fleeces.'"

She took the shears and cut them off,
With grave, absorbed demeanor,
And when the little lamb was shorn,
I wish you could have seen her.

WORK.

Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work will be done.

THE SONG OF THE CORN POPPER.

Pip! pop! flipperty flop!
Here am I, all ready to pop.
Girls and boys, the fire burns clear;
Gather about the chimney here.
Big ones, little ones, all in a row,
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flipperty flop!
Into the bowl the kernels drop.
Sharp, and hard, and yellow, and small,
Must say they don't look good at all;
But wait till they burst into warm white snow!
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flipperty flop!
Don't fill me too full; shut down the top!
Rake out the coals in an even bed,
Topaz yellow and ruby red;
Shade your eyes from the fiery glow.
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! flop! flipperty flop!
Shake me steadily; do not stop;
Backward and forward, not up and down;
Don't let me drop, or you'll burn it brown,
Never too high, and never too low.
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flipperty flop!
Now they are singing, and soon they'll hop.
Hi! the kernels begin to swell.
Ho! at last they are dancing well.
Puffs and fluffs of feathery snow.
Hop away! pop away! here we go!

Pip! pop! flipperty flop!
All full, little ones? Time to stop!
Pour out the snowy, feathery mass.
Here is a treat for lad and lass.
Open your mouths now, all in a row;
Munch away! crunch away! here we go!

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

THE FROST.

The frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight,
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way;
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much clatter and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

So he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees and their boughs he drest
In diamond beads, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock might rear its head.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He went to the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;
"This costly pitcher I'll break in three,
And this glass of water they've left for me
Shall tchick—to tell them I'm drinking!"

HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE CHILDREN.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.

CHARLES M. DICKENSON.

DICKIE-BIRD! DICKIE-BIRD!

Your feathers are ruffled, your beak's rather long,
But dickie-bird, dickie-bird, sing me a song.

Dickie-bird, sing of the sun and the breeze;
Dickie-bird, sing of the birds and the bees;
The summer is short and the winter is long,
So dickie-bird, dickie-bird, sing me a song.

The thrushes and linnets are singing so sweet,
But we are content to sit here at your feet,
For we would not leave you alone on the tree;
So sing, dickie, sing to my dollie and me.

And we will be happy the whole summer day,
The dickie shall sing and the dolly shall play—
Oh, funniest dickie that ever I saw,
It is not a song if you only say "Caw."

LEAVES FROM FATHERLAND.

[The little boy or girl reciting these verses should have a letter in his or her hand, with a few dried leaves.]

Just a few crocus leaves,
  Purple and fair to see,
And a dozen blades of grass,
  Came to me over the sea.

Purple, and amber, and green,
  These leaves are treasures to me,
For their hues all blend to a bow of love
  From dear ones I fain would see.

Only a few dry leaves,
  And their colors all may die,
But their beauty smiles to my very heart
  Under this western sky.

T. W. HANDFORD.

"PAPA CAN'T FIND ME."

No little steps do I hear in the hall;
Only a sweet silver laugh, that is all;
No dimpled arms round my neck hold me tight;
I've but a glimpse of two eyes very bright
Two little hands a wee face try to screen;
Baby is hiding—that's plain to be seen.
"Where is my precious one, missed so all day?"
"Papa tan't find me!" the little lips say.

"Dear me! I wonder where baby can be!"
Then I go by and pretend not to see.
"Not in the parlor, and not on the stairs!
Then I must peep under sofa and chairs."
The dear little rogue is now laughing outright;
Two little arms round my neck clasp me tight.
Home will, indeed, be sad, weary and lone,
When papa can't find you, my darling, my own.

THE ROBIN AND THE CHICKEN.

A plump little robin flew down from a tree
To hunt for a worm which he happened to see;
A frisky young chicken came scampering by,
And gazed at the robin with wondering eye.

Said the chick: "What a queer-looking chicken is that!
Its wings are so long and its body so fat!"
While the robin remarked, loud enough to be heard,
"Dear me! an exceedingly strange-looking bird!"

"Can you sing?" robin asked, and the chicken said, "No";
But asked in its turn if the robin could crow.
So the bird sought a tree and the chicken a wall,
And each thought the other knew nothing at all.

HOW THE DIMPLES CAME.

"How came," I asked a little maid,
"Those dimples in your cheek?"
And bent my head low down to hear
The little maiden speak.

"'Ose dimples in my cheek," she said,
"Would 'ou weally like to know?
They surely wasn't always there,
An' yet they didn't grow.

"'Twas when a little girl, I sat,
Beneath a gweat big twee,
A little bird tame down an' sang
A pretty song to me.

"An' just before he flew away,
He tissed me 'one, two, fee,'
An' every time he tissed so hard
He left a hole in me.

"But 'en I didn't tare, 'ou know,
It didn't hurt a mite;
Wish the bird would tum aden'
An' sing to me to-night."

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Fondly I keep
Watch o'er my darling when darkness is nigh.
Have no alarm,
Nothing will harm;
Slumber, my little one, by, baby, by.

I. L. JONES.

WE ALL LIKE SHEEP.

"We all like sheep," the tenors shrill
Begin, and then the church is still.
While back and forth across the aisle
Is seen to pass the "catching" smile.

"We all like sheep," the altos moan
In low, and rich, and mellow tone,
While broader grows the merry grin
And nose gets further off from chin.
"We all like sheep," sopranos sing
Till all the echoes wake and ring;
The young folks titter, and the rest
Suppress the laugh in bursting chest.

"We all like sheep," the bassos growl—
The titter grows into a howl,
And e'en the deacon's face is graced
With wonder at the singers' taste.

"We all like sheep," runs the refrain,
And then, to make their meaning plain,
The singers altogether say,
"We all, like sheep, have gone astray."

ON GRANDPAPA'S KNEE.

The cosiest place and the snuggest spot,
In the summer time
When the days are hot,
And Jessie is tired as tired can be,
Is just to climb up on grandpapa's knee.
Oh! the dearest place
To nestle in,
Is on grandpapa's knee, just under his chin.

T. W. HANDFORD.

THE REMORSEFUL CAKES.

A little boy named Thomas, ate
  Hot buckwheat cakes for tea—
A very rash proceeding, as
  We presently shall see.

He went to bed at eight o'clock,
  As all good children do,
But scarce had closed his little eyes,
  When he most restless grew.

He flopped on this side, then on that,
  Then keeled up on his head,
And covered, all at once, each spot
  Of his wee trundle-bed.

He wrapped one arm around his waist,
  And t'other 'round his ear,
While mamma wondered what on earth
  Could ail her little dear.

He fell asleep, and as he slept
  He dreamt an awful dream,
Of being spanked with hickory slabs,
  Without the power to scream.

He dreamt a great big lion came
  And ripped and raved and roared—
While on his breast two furious bulls
  In mortal combat gored.

He dreamt he heard the flop of wings
  Within the chimney flue—
And down there crawled, to gnaw his ears,
  An awful bugaboo!

When Thomas rose next morn, his face
  Was pallad as a sheet—
"I never more," he firmly said,
  "Will cakes for supper eat!"

EUGENE FIELD.

REDWING'S SONG.

The bogs show green in the meadow,
The brook goes babbling along;
High-perched on a dead limbed willow,
Gay redwing is whistling his song:
"O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!
Here are we; come and see!

"My little wife cares for the babies—
I see them in yon grassy clump;
Do you think I will tell *you* just which one
Be careful now; look where you jump!
O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!
Babies wee, babies three.

"Oh, fine is the bright, warm weather!
The tender leaves whisper around;
The shad-birch now whitens the hillsides,
And violets sprinkle the ground.
O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!
Envy me? *Envy* me?

"I cannot sing all I would like to,
My wife says: 'Be still as a mouse.'
But I do just dote on this willow,
And I dreadfully hate keeping house.
O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!
Pity me? *Pity* me?

"We redwings are singers and poets;
In meadows and brooks we delight;
But, though glossy our shining black dress coats,
Our family cares are not light.
O-ka-lee! Children three;
Don't you see? O-ka-lee!"

S. J. DOUGLASS

THE BOY AND THE BOOT.

"Bother!" was all that John Clatterby said;
His breath came quick and his cheeks were red;
He flourished his elbows and looked absurd
While, over and over, his "Bother!" I heard.

Harder and harder he tugged and worked;
Vainly and savagely still he jerked;
The boot, half on, would dawdle and flap,
"Bother!" and then he burst the strap.

Redder than ever his hot cheek flamed;
Louder than ever he fumed and blamed;
He wiggled his heel and he tugged at the leather
Till his knees and his chin came bumping together.

"My boy," said I, in a voice like a flute,
"Why not first try your troublesome boot
On the other foot?" "I'm a goose!" laughed John,
As he stood, in a flash, with his two boots on.

In half the affairs of this every-day life
(As that same day I said to my wife),
Our troubles come from trying to put
The *left-hand* boot on the *right-hand* foot.

HUNDREDS!

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
  Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
  Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.
Hundreds of dew-drops to greet the dawn,
  Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
  But only one mother the wide world over.

MOTHER'S GIRL.

Sleeves to the dimpled elbow,
  Fun in the sweet blue eyes,
To and fro upon errands,
  The little maiden hies.

Now she is washing dishes,
  Now she is feeding the chicks,
Now she is playing with pussy,
  Or teaching Rover tricks.

Wrapped in a big white apron,
  Pinned in a checkered shawl,
Hanging clothes in the garden,
  Oh, were she only tall!

Hushing the fretful baby,
  Coaxing his hair to curl,
Stepping around so briskly,
  Because she is mother's girl.

Hunting for eggs in the haymow,
  Petting old Brindle's calf,
Riding Don to the pasture,
  With many a ringing laugh.

Coming whenever you call her,
  Running wherever sent,
Mother's girl is a blessing,
  And mother is well content.

ONLY FIVE.

I am a very little girl,
  I'm only five years old;
I hope that none who hear me speak
  Will think I am too bold.

ENGLISH HISTORY IN RHYME.

First William the Norman,
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
Then Richard and John;
Next Henry the Third,
Edwards one, two and three;
And again, after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess;
Then Jamie the Scotchman,
Then Charles, whom they slew,
Yet received, after Cromwell,
Another Charles, too.
Next Jamie the Second
Ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary
Together came on;
Then Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all passed
And Victoria came—
May she long be the last.

THE EAGLE.

What is that, mother?
The eagle, boy—
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm in his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.

BISHOP DONNE.

MY BED IS A BOAT.

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away,
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do—
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in the room, beside the fire,
I find my vessel fast.

R. L. Stevenson.

THE GROVES.

The groves were God's first temples, 'ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. Let me, then, at least,
Here in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

William Cullen Bryant.

"NO!"

Would ye learn the bravest thing
That man can ever do?
Would ye be an uncrowned king,
Absolute and true?

Would ye seek to emulate
All ye see in story,
Of the noble, just and great,
Rich in real glory?

Would ye lose much bitter care
In the world below?
Bravely speak out when and where
'Tis right to utter "No!"

Learn to speak this little word
In its proper place;
Let no timid doubt be heard,
Clothed with skeptic grace.

Let thy lips, without disguise,
Boldly pour it out;
Though a thousand dulcet lies
Keep hovering about.

For be sure our lives would lose
Future years of woe,
If our courage could refuse
The present hour with "No!"

ELIZA COOK.

WHAT THE SNOW-DROP SAID.

I am a little snow-drop,
As pure as pure can be:
I come with bright-eyed Daisy
The Queen of May to see.

TEN LITTLE TOES.

Baby is clad in her nightgown white ;
Pussy-cat purrs a soft good-night ;
And somebody tells, for somebody knows,
The terrible tale of ten little toes.

RIGHT FOOT.

This big toe took a small boy, Sam,
Into the cupboard after the jam ;
This little toe said : "Oh, no ! no !"
This little toe was anxious to go ;
This little toe said : "'Tisn't quite right !"
This little toe curled up out of sight.

LEFT FOOT.

This big toe got suddenly stubbed ;
This little toe got ruefully rubbed ;
This little frightened toe cried out, "Bears !"
This little timid toe ran up stairs ;
Down came a toe with a loud slam ! slam !
This little tiny toe got all the jam !

THE LITTLE THINGS.

Little sands make up the shore ;
Little drops cause rain to pour ;
Little crimes great troubles bring ;
Little slanders leave their sting ;
Little words of love delight ;
Little words of wrath cause fight ;
Little shafts of malice pierce ;
Little quarrels are a curse ;
Little pigs do loudly squeak ;
Little boys like me can speak.

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN.

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story.

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE VALUE OF LITTLE THINGS.

Little moments make an hour;
  Little thoughts, a book;
Little seeds, a tree or flower;
  Water drops, a brook;
Little deeds of faith and love,
Make a home for you above.

THE SONG OF THE SPARROW.

I am only a little sparrow—
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers—
It is very plain I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows;
All over the world we are found;
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are not forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth;
The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart or compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

BESSIE BO PEEP OF ENGLE STEEPE.

A dear little girl was Bessie Bo Peep,
The pet and idol of Engle Steepe—
Her eyes were blue, she'd the sweetest smile
You'd see though you walked a hundred mile.

Not a cottage door in Engle Steepe,
But opened wide to Bessie Bo Peep;
As welcome as flowers that bloom in May,
She smiled, then passed like a sunbeam away.

But the little sick children of Engle Steepe,
Were most in love with Bessie Bo Peep—
Far better than medicine—powders or pills—
Her smile seemed to cure their many ills.

Whenever she sat by the sufferer's bed,
At least one half the suffering fled;
Her smile, and her kiss, and her little bouquet,
Would brighten the sick room all that day.

But a dark day came to Engle Steepe,
A cruel fever seized Bessie Bo Peep;
'Twas a sad day all through that country side,
When the pet and pride of the village died.

And now in the graveyard by Walter's Mill,
You may read on a stone these words if you will,
"The dearest child here lies asleep,
That ever breathed in Engle Steepe.'

T. W. HANDFORD.

TO OUR BABY.

April brought you to us, dear—
April, with its sun and showers,
April, with its dainty flowers,
April, with its strong, young breeze
Whispering through the leafless trees:
"Now the dreary winter's done,
Now comes spring with flowers and sun."

So upon an April morn
Our dear baby girl was born.

Quickly flew the days away,
Came the "merrie month of May."

Cool, fair morning, sunny noon,
Welcomed in the month of June.

Soft we sang the lullaby
Through the long days of July.

Flowers drooped and pined away
In the heated August day.

Raindrops falling low and clear,
Breathed aloud, "September's here."

Leaves grew purple, red and gold,
As October days were told.

And each day much shorter grew
As November by us flew.

Low and sweet the anthem rings
To the day December brings.

White and cold the snowdrifts lay—
January passed away.

Colder still the sharp winds blew—
February days were few.

Birds again began to sing;
March had come, and with it spring.

Clouds are bright in April sky;
Summer's coming by-and-by.

And these twelve months make the year
That we've loved you, baby dear.

BEDLAM TOWN.

Do you want to peep into Bedlam Town?
Then come with me as the day swings down.

Into his cradle, whose rocker's rim
Some people call the horizon dim.

All the mischief of all the fates
Seems to center in four little pates.

Just an hour before we say:
"It is time for bed now, stop your play."

Oh, the racket and noise and roar,
As they prance like a caravan over the floor,

With never a thought of the head that aches,
And never a heed to the "mercy sakes,"

And "pity save us," and "oh, dear, dear,"
That all but the culprits plainly hear.

A monkey, a parrot, a guinea hen,
Warriors, elephants, Indian men,

A salvation army, a grizzly bear,
Are all at once in the nursery there.

And when the clock in the hall strikes seven,
It sounds to us like a voice from heaven.

And each of the boys in a warm night-gown
Marches away out of Bedlam Town.

ELLA WHEELER.

YE BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS.

Sing a song of Christmas!
Pockets full of gold,
Plums and cakes for Polly's stocking,
More than it can hold.
Pudding in the great pot,
Turkey on the spit,
Merry faces round the fire—
Sorry? not a bit!

Sing a song of Christmas!
Carols in the street,
Bundles going home with people,
Everywhere we meet.
Holly, fir and spruce boughs
Green upon the wall,
Spotless snow along the road,
More going to fall.

Sing a song of Christmas!
Empty pockets here;
Windows broken, garments thin,
Stove black and drear,
Noses blue and frosty,
Fingers pinched and red,
Little hungry children
Going supperless to bed.

Sing a song of Christmas!
Tears are falling fast;
Empty is the baby's chair
Since 'twas Christmas last.
Wrathfully the north wind
Wails across the snow;
Is there not a little grave
Frozen down below?

Sing a song of Christmas!
Thanks to God on high

For the tender hearts abounding
With His charity!
Gifts for all the needy,
For the sad hearts, love,
And a little angel smiling
In sweet heaven above!

OUR JIM.

Only a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief, and wit and glee,
As ever a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage as—ah! ah, me!
'Tis hard to tell;
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy, with his restless tread,
Who cannot be driven, but must be led;
Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes, and spoils more hats,
Loses more tops, and kites and bats,
Than would stock a store
For a year or more.

BABY'S SKIES.

Would you know the baby's skies?
Baby's skies are mamma's eyes.
Mamma's eyes, and smile together,
Make the baby's pleasant weather.

Mamma, keep your eyes from tears;
Keep your heart from foolish fears;
Keep your lips from dull complaining,
Lest the baby think its raining.

MAMMA'S FLOWER.

Some day the daisies will all be dead,
And all the birds will fly away,
And the clover blossoms, so bright and red,
Will fall in the grasses and fade, some day;
Oh how will the meadows be then, mamma,
And where will you take me then to play?

After the daisies are dead, my dear,
And clover blossoms are dry and brown,
The boughs will bend with fruits of the year,
And crimson leaves come fluttering down;
While over the warm and withered sod
Will toss the plumes of the golden rod.

But, mamma, the golden rod will go,
And the rosy apples so round and fair,
And over the woods the winds will blow
'Till all the branches are black and bare;
Then how will the flowers come back, mamma,
When winter has killed them everywhere?

My child, they sleep beneath the snow,
Warm and safe in their mossy bed;
As snugly as you, when cold winds blow,
Hide in the pillows your curly head;
For God takes care of the flowers each year,
As mamma takes care of you, my dear.

For you are my own sweet flower, my child,
Mamma's flower, with the violet eyes;
The snows may come and the winds grow wild,
And storms may darken the soft blue skies;
But mamma will come with the morning light,
To kiss you again, my dear. Good-night.

M. M. Cass, Jr.

May 12, 1885.

GOING TO AUNT RUTH'S TO TEA.

You're going out to tea to-day,
Be careful what you do ;
Let all accounts that I shall hear
Be pleasant ones of you.

Don't spill your tea, or gnaw your bread,
And don't tease one another;
And Fanny mustn't talk too much,
Or quarrel with her brother.

Say "If you please," and "Thank you,"
Come home at eight o'clock;
And Ethel, pray be careful, dear,
And do not tear your frock.

Now mind your manners, children dear,
Attend to what I say;
And then, perhaps, I'll let you go
To Aunt's another day.

LULLABY.

Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green,
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen,
Rockaby, lullaby all the day long,
Down to the land of the lullaby song,
Babyland never again will be thine,
Land of all mystery, holy, divine.
Motherland, Otherland,
Wonderland, Underland,
Land of a time ne'er again to be seen;
Flowerland, Bowerland,
Airyland, Fairyland,
Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

AN EASTER SONG.

The mists of Easter morning
  Roll slowly o'er the hills,
The joy of Easter morning,
  The heart of nature thrills.

The songs of birds are calling
  Good people from repose,
To sing of that first Easter
  When Christ the Lord arose.

Upon a thousand altars
  Are flowers of richest bloom,
Proclaiming with sweet voices
  How Jesus left the tomb.

And choirs with choirs uniting
  In sweet melodious breath,
Chant forth their glad hosannas
  To him who conquered death.

Nor shall our lips be silent,
  By Joseph's empty grave;
Wake, heart, and sing His praises
  Who came the world to save.

He lives! No grave could hold Him,
  He broke death's cruel bands,
And now he reigns triumphant,
  The glory of all lands.

And north and south in anthems,
  And east and west in song,
Through all this happy Eastertide
  His praises shall prolong.

For from that garden sepulcher
  Immortal hopes arise,
The portals of that house of death
  Lead straight to Paradise.

T. W. HANDFORD.

MAYWOOD, EASTER-DAY, 1885.

MAMMA'S BOY.

I know a house so full of noise
You'd think a regiment of boys,
From early morn till close of day,
Were busy with their romping play.
And yet I'm ready to declare,
There is but one small youngster there—
A little golden-headed chap,
Who used to think his mother's lap
The nicest place that e'er could be;
Until he grew so big that he
Was most a man, and learned what fun
It is to shout and jump and run.
This restless, noisy little elf,
Has learned, alas! to think himself
Too old in mother's arms to sleep,
Yet his blue eyes he cannot keep
From hiding 'neath their lids so white,
And climbing to the sofa's height,
He snuggles down, forgets his play,
And into dreamland sails away;
And then it is that mamma knows
Why the whole house so silent grows.

REMEMBER.

Remember, though box in the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
And remember, though fleece in the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of goose isn't gooses nor geeses;
And remember, though house in the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse should be mice, not mouses.
Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice,
But the plural of house should be houses, not hice;
And foot, it is true, in the plural is feet,
But the plural of root should be roots, and not reet.

THE WATERMILLION.

There were a watermillion
  Growing on a vine,
And there were a pickaninny
  A-watching it all the time.

And when that watermillion
  Were a-ripening in the sun,
And the Stripes along its jacket
  Were coming one by one,

That pickaninny hooked it,
  And toting it away,
He ate that entire million
  Within one single day.

He ate the rind and pieces,
  He finished it with vim,
And then that watermillion
  Just up and finished him.

SANTA CLAUS.

Little fairy snowflakes
  Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
  What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight
  Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh-bells
  Twinkling through the snow;
Mother's knitting stockings,
  Pussy's got the ball;
Don't you think that winter's
  Pleasanter than all?

TEN TRUE FRIENDS.

Ten true friends you have,
  Who, five in a row,
Upon each side of you
  Go where you go.

Suppose you are sleepy,
  They help you to bed;
Suppose you are hungry,
  They see that you are fed.

They wake up your dolly
  And put on her clothes,
And trundle her carriage
  Wherever she goes.

And these ten tiny fellows,
  They serve you with ease;
And they ask nothing from you,
  But work hard to please.

Now, with ten willing servants,
  So trusty and true,
Pray who would be lazy
  Or idle—would you?

GOOD LUCK AND BAD LUCK.

Good Luck is the gayest of all gay girls;
  Long in one place she will not stay,
Back from her brow she strokes her curls,
  Kisses you quick and flies away.

But Madame Bad Luck soberly comes
  And stays—no fancy has she for flitting—
Snatches of true love songs she hums,
  And sits by your bed and brings her knitting.

JOHN HAY.

GOOD QUEEN BESS.

Oh, I know a little queen,
Just the daintiest ever seen,
She rules her subjects with a smile so gay;
From a wave of her small hand
We obey her sweet command,
For we crowned her, charming Bessie, queen of May.

Oh, we crowned her, you must know,
Where the nodding daisies grow,
Her throne is where the birds sing all the day,
And her domain is the wood,
Where she reigns as monarchs should,
Does our dainty, charming Bessie, queen of May.

She's a maiden, just sixteen,
Is this winsome little queen;
She steals our hearts away, she is so bright;
Long live the good queen Bess,
And every hour bless,
Her pretty head, crowned o'er with daisies white.

FLORA NEWHOUSE MONTGOMERY.

THE YELLOW POCKET.

Father Matthew, the apostle of temperance in Ireland, mentioned in one of his temperance addresses that a corn-dealer in Cork, named Barry, was one day met, when on his way to the savings bank, by a whisky dealer, who said to him, with an inquisitive look: "Why is it that you do not come to see me now, my friend, so often as you used to do?" To this the other replied, "I cannot do any such thing now; my friend, Father Matthew, has desired me to keep from temptation." "I am sorry to see you looking so badly; your face is quite yellow." "Why," said Barry, "if my face is yellow so is my pocket, too"; and he pulled out four sovereigns, which he was going to pay into the bank.

TWO LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet went pattering by,
Years ago!
They wandered off to the sunny sky,
Years ago!
Two little socks, well wrinkled and worn,
Move me to tears, with their memories born
Years ago!

Dear little feet that ran here and there
Years ago!
Creeping, climbing about everywhere
Years ago!
Crept never back to the love they left,
Climbed nevermore into arms bereft
Years ago!

Again I'll hear those dear little feet
Pattering by!
Their music a thousand fold more sweet
In the sky!
I joy to think of the Father's care,
That holds them safe till I meet them there
By-and-by!

THE COURAGEOUS BOY.

Some of the boys in our school,
Whose elbows I can't reach,
Are ten times more ashamed than I
To rise and make a speech.

I guess they are afraid some girl
Who is about their age,
May laugh and criticise their looks
When they come on the stage.

WINTER'S SNOWS.

Summer joys are o'er;
Flow'rets bloom no more,
Wintry winds are sweeping,
Through the snow-drifts peeping.
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumed throng
Charms the wood with song;
Ice-bound trees are glittering;
Merry snow-birds twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee—
I love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

LUDWIG HÖLTY.

BABY'S CRADLE IS GREEN.

Rockaby, baby, thy mother will keep
Gentle watch over thine azure-eyed sleep,
Baby can't feel what the mother heart knows,
Throbbing its fear o'er your quiet repose.
Mother heart knows how baby must fight
Wearily on through the fast coming night;
Battle unending,
Honor defending,
Baby must wage with the powers unseen.
Sleep now, oh, baby dear,
God and thy mother near,
Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

THE LONG SERMON.

Oh, the sun is bright and the day is fair,
And the sweet breeze wanders everywhere,
And the sweet birds sing as they lightly fly,
And I wish we could join them, Joe and I.

We were bidden to listen, and so we do,
Shut up in the narrow and stuffy pew;
Behaving just as well as we can.
We look over there at the preacher-man.

We can't understand, though we take such pains;
All sense seems gone from our little brains;
So we just sit quiet, as best we may,
And wait till the long hour wears away.

Oh, how can he have so much to say,
The preacher-man, such a lovely day?
And what in the world he is talking about
We do not know and we can't find out.

ROCKABY.

Rockaby, baby, the days will grow long;
Silent the voice of the mother's love-song.
Bowed with sore burdens the man-life must own,
Sorry that baby must bear all alone.
Wonderland never can come back again;
Thought will come soon—and with reason comes pain.
Sorrowland, Morrowland,
Wearyland, Drearyland,
Baby and Heavenland lying between;
Shine, then, in Motherland,
Dream in the otherland,
Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

THE NINE PARTS OF SPEECH.

Three little words you often see
Are ARTICLES—*a*, *an*, and *the*.

A NOUN's the name of anything,
As *school*, or *garden*, *hoop*, or *swing*.

ADJECTIVES tell the kind of noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.

Instead of Nouns the PRONOUNS stand—
Her head, *his* face, *your* arm, *my* hand.

VERBS tell of something to be done—
To *read*, *count*, *sing*, *laugh*, *jump*, or *run*.

How things are done the ADVERBS tell,
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*.

CONJUNCTIONS join the words together,
As man *and* woman, wind *or* weather.

The PREPOSITION stands before
A Noun, as *at* or *through* the door.

The INTERJECTION shows surprise,
As *Ah!* how pretty, *Oh!* how wise.

The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

WHAT THE DAISY SAID.

I am a little daisy
  Right from the dewy earth;
I've come to add my sweetness,
To this bright scene of mirth.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light;
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
Often thro' my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark;
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

A LITTLE BOY'S LECTURE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Nearly four hundred years ago the mighty mind of Columbus, traversing unknown seas, clasped this new continent in its embrace.

A few centuries later arose one here who now lives in all our hearts as the Father of his Country. An able warrior, a sagacious statesman, a noble gentleman. Yes, Christopher Columbus was *great.* George Washington was *great.* But here, my friends, in this glorious nineteenth century is—a *grater!* [Exhibiting a large, bright tin grater. The large kind used for horseradish could be most easily distinguished by the audience.]

JULIA M. THAYER.

"ISN'T GOD UPON THE OCEAN JUST THE SAME AS ON THE LAND?"

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

MISS FRET AND MISS LAUGH.

Cries little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet,
"I hate this warm weather; it's horrid to tan,
It scorches my nose
And it blisters my toes,
And wherever I go I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh:
"Why I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day.
I sing through the hours,
I cull pretty flowers,
And ride like a queen on the sweet-smelling hay."

HOSANNA!

When His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as he rode along,
He bade them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth,
His love for children still;
Though now, as King, He reigneth,
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner,
We'll bow before His throne,
And sing aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son!

For should we fail proclaiming,
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise;
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

JOSHUA KING, 1819.

OH, BLESS US!

Oh, bless us, we are young and small,
Oh, free our hearts from sinful thrall,
Oh, make our spirits free from sin,
Thy fount of heavenly love within.

BE KIND—A QUARTETTE FOR FOUR LITTLE CHILDREN.

[This piece should be recited by four little children, two boys and two girls. They should each have a small bouquet of flowers.]

1. A little girl recites.

Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father—for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold—
Thy father is passing away.

2. A little boy recites.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow
Many traces of sorrow are seen;
Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind she has been.
Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
E'en through the dark valley of death.

3. A little boy recites.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown,
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

4. A little girl recites.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

THE GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only, could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

O, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

ANGEL COURT.

The palace gardens shone with flowers,
The long warm summer day;
A beggar-child stood watching
The little Prince at play;
But the guard who passed the palace walls
Would have thrust the child away.
But the little Prince, he chid the guard—
"What has she done?" said he;
"Our Father loves us all," he said,
"Whatever we may be."

"Where do you live, my little maid?"
"In Angel Court," said she;
"And it's all so dark: I only came
Just once the flowers to see;
We have no flowers in Angel Court,"
She murmured bitterly.
But the little Prince looked up to heaven,
"*That* is our home," said he;
"Our Father loves us all," he said,
"Where'er on earth we be."

The years went by; the beggar-child
In an Angel Home was blest;
In a distant land the bright young Prince
Was passing to his rest,
Far from his home, and wife and child,
And all he loved the best;
But he turned and saw a face he knew,
An angel at his side,
"Our Father loves us well," she said,
And with a smile he died.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

When mamma was a little girl
(Or so they say to me)
She never used to romp and run,
Nor shout and scream with noisy fun,
Nor climb an apple tree.
She always kept her hair in curl,—
When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl
(It seems to her, you see)
She never used to tumble down,
Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown,
Nor drink her papa's tea.
She learned to knit, "plain," "seam" and "purl,"—
When mamma was a little girl.

But grandma says—it must be true—
"How fast the seasons o'er us whirl!
Your mamma, dear, was just like you,
When she was grandma's little girl."

GRACE F. COOLIDGE.

WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a holy prize,
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs,
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's home I lingered near
The hallow'd séat with listening ear;
And gentle words would mother give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

ELIZA COOK.

THE BEE AND THE ROSE.

"I hope you'll not accuse me,
But excuse me,"
Said the simple Bee to the royal red Rose,
"If I take a pot of honey,
And don't put down my money,
For alas! I haven't any, as all the world knows."

"Mr. Bee, don't worry,
Nor be sorry,"
Said the queenly Rose to the poor yeoman Bee;
"You've paid me for my honey
Much better than with money,
In the sweet songs of summer you sing and sing to me."

HOW TO GAIN FRIENDS.

"Well," said a straight-backed, straight-legged chair to a cosy little rocking-chair by whose side it had chanced to be placed, "before I would be such a drudge as you are I would be a stool, or, if possible, something still more insignificant. People are not content with making you nurse every person, big or little, but you must also continually be rocking them to and fro."

"To be sure," answered the little rocking-chair, pleasantly, "I am always on the go for the gratification of others, but thereby have I won for myself many friends, and appear to be a great favorite with all. This well repays me for my trouble."

And so it is with little girls, and little boys, and other people. Those who cheerfully and willingly do for others are the ones who gain for themselves many and lasting friends.

USES OF THE FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
  Enough for great and small,—
The oak tree and the cedar tree
  Without a flower at all.

Our outward life requires them not,—
  Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
  To beautify the earth:

To comfort man,—to whisper hope
  Whene'er his faith is dim;
For Who so careth for the *flowers*
  Will care much more for *him!*

MARY HOWITT.

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
With your silken hair and your soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies—
God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise,
Your hands like a fairy's, so tiny and fair,
With a pretty, innocent, saint like air,
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer,
You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise,
Why! you never raise your beautiful head!
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red,
With a flush of delight, to hear the words said,
"I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?
I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
And—you've gone to sleep like a weary flower,
Ungrateful Baby Louise!

MARGARET EYTINGE.

GOD SEES.

When I run about all day,
When I kneel at night to pray,
God sees.

When I'm dreaming in the dark,
When I lie awake and hark,
God sees.

Need I ever know a fear,
Night and day my Father's near—
God sees.

KATYDID.

I love to hear thine earnest voice,
  Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
  Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks—
  Old gentlefolks are they—
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
  In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid,
  I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
  So petulant and shrill.
I think there is a knot of you
  Beneath the hollow tree,
A knot of spinster Katydids—
  Do Katydids drink tea?

O, tell me where did Katy live,
  And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
  And yet so wicked, too?
Did Katy love a naughty man
  Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
  Than many a Kate has done.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE A MOTHER.

Birdies with broken wings,
  Hide from each other,
But babies in trouble
  Can run home to mother.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be nicer
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

THE LOST DOLL.

Twice up and down the garden-walks
I've looked; but she's not there.
Oh, yes, I've hunted in the hay,
I've hunted everywhere.

The dark is coming fast, oh dear!
I'm in an awful fright;
I don't know where I've left my doll,
And she'll be out all night!

ONE OF HIS NAMES.

Never a boy had so many names;
They called him Jimmy, and Jim, and James,
Jeems and Jamie; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the street ran after him,
Shouting out loudly, "Jim! hey, J-i-m m!"
Until the echoes, little and big,
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel, out in the hall,
"Jim*my!* Jim*my!*" would sweetly call,
Until he answered and let her know
Where she might find him; she loved him so.

Grandpapa, who was dignified,
And held his head with an air of pride,
Didn't believe in abridging names,
And made the most he could of "J-a-m-e-s!"

But if papa ever wanted him,
Crisp and curt was the summons—"Jim!"
That would make the boy on his errands run
Much faster than if he had said "my son."

Biddy O'Flynn could never it seems,
Call him anything else but "Jeems;"
And when the nurse, old Mrs. McVyse,
Called him "Jamie," it sounded nice.

But sweeter and dearer than all the rest,
Was the one pet name he liked the best;
"Darling!" he heard it whate'er he was at,
For none but his mother called him that.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

A THANKSGIVING ODE.

For Summer's bloom and Autumn's blight,
  For bending wheat and blasted maize,
For health and sickness, Lord of Light,
  And Lord of Darkness, hear our praise!

We trace to Thee our joys and woes—
  To Thee, of causes still the cause—
We thank Thee that Thy hand bestows;
  We bless Thee that Thy love withdraws.

We bring no sorrows to Thy throne;
  We come to Thee with no complaint;
In Providence Thy will is done,
  And that is sacred to the saint.

DR. HOLLAND.

UPSIDE DOWN.

If all the world were upside down,
  Our lilies would be stars so gay,
  Our brooks would make the milky way,
  And roses of the richest dye
  Would be the pretty sunset sky;
Instead of blue, the sky'd be brown—
If all the world were upside down.

If all the world were upside down,
  The moon would take the ocean's place,
  And stars the fields and gardens grace;
  The ground, of course, would be sky blue;
  Another change would be quite new—
We'd wear our shoes upon our crown
If all the world were upside down.

GEORGE COOPER.

THE BOY I LOVE.

My boy, do you know the boy I love?
I fancy I see him now;
His forehead bare in the sweet spring air,
With the wind of hope in his waving hair,
With sunrise on his brow.

He is something near your height, may be,
And just about your years;
Timid as you; but his will is strong,
And his love of right and his hate of wrong
Are mightier than his fears.

He has the courage of simple truth,
The trial that he must bear;
The peril, the ghost that frights him most,
He faces boldly, and like a ghost
It vanishes in air.

As wild fowl take, by river and lake,
The sunshine and the rain,
With cheerful, constant hardihood,
He meets the bad luck and the good,
The pleasure and the pain.

BABY IS A SAILOR.

Baby is a sailor boy,
Swing, cradle, swing;
Sailing is the sailor's joy,
Swing, cradle, swing.

Snowy sails and precious freight,
Swing, cradle, swing.
Baby's captain, mother's mate,
Swing, cradle, swing.

HOE YOUR OWN ROW.

I think there are some maxims
  Under the sun
Scarce worth preservation;
  But here, boys, is one
So sound and so simple
  'Tis worth while to know—
And all in the single line,
  "Hoe your own row!"

If you want to have riches,
  And want to have friends,
Don't trample the means down
  And look for the ends;
But always remember,
  Wherever you go
The wisdom of practising
  "Hoe your own row!"

EGGS AND BIRDS.

"Where is the little lark's nest,
  My father showed to me?
And where the pretty lark's eggs?"
  Said Master Lori Lee.
At last he found the lark's nest,
  But eggs were none to see.

"Why are you looking down there?"
  Sang two young larks on high:
"We've broke the shells that held us,
  And found a nest on high."
And the happy birds went singing
  Far up the morning sky!

FANNY'S MUD PIES.

Under the apple-trees, spreading and thick,
Happy with only a pan and a stick,
On the soft grass in the meadow that lies,
Our little Fanny is making mud pies.

On her bright apron, and bright drooping head;
Showers of pink and white blossoms are shed;
Tied to a branch, that seems just meant for that,
Dances and flutters her little straw hat.

Gravely she stirs, with a serious look,
Making believe she's a true pastry cook;
Sundry brown plashes on forehead and eyes
Show that our Fanny is making mud pies.

But all the soil of her innocent play
Clean soap and water will soon wash away;
Many a pleasure in daintier guise
Leaves darker traces than Fanny's mud pies.

Dash, full of joy in the bright summer day,
Zealously chases the robins away,
Barks at the squirrels, or snaps at the flies,
All the while Fanny is making mud pies.

Sunshine and soft summer breezes astir,
While she is busy, are busy with her,—
Cheeks rosy glowing, and bright sparkling eyes,
Bring they to Fanny while making mud pies.

Dollies and playthings are all laid away,
Not to come out till the next rainy day;
Under the blue of those sweet summer skies
Nothing so pleasant as making mud pies.

ELIZABETH SILL.

MORNING HYMN.

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, may I fulfill
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, Thy early grace;
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

ISAAC WATTS, 1715.

TWELVE GOLDEN RULES FOR BOYS.

Observe good manners.
Hold integrity sacred.
Endure trials patiently.
Be prompt in all things.
Make good acquaintances.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Never be afraid of being laughed at.
Watch carefully over your temper.
Fight life's battle manfully, bravely.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Use your leisure moments for study.
Shun the company of loafers.

SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

And such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away;

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage.

THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD.

What's the best thing in the world?
June-rose, by May-dew impearled;
Sweet south wind, that means no rain;
Truth, not cruel to a friend;
Pleasure, not in haste to end;
Beauty, not self-decked and curled
Till its pride is over-plain;
Light, that never makes you wink;
Memory, that gives no pain;
Love, when, *so*, you're loved again.
What's the best thing in the world?—
Something out of it, I think.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG OF SPRING.

Laud the first spring daisies;
Chant aloud their praises;
Send the children up
To the hill's high top;
Tax not the strength of their young hands
To increase your lands.
Gather the primroses,
Make handfuls into posies;
Take them to the little girls who are at work in mills;
Pluck the violets blue—
Ah! pluck not a few!
Knowest thou what good thoughts from Heaven the violet instills?

Give the children holidays
(And let these be jolly days),
Grant freedom to the children in this joyous spring;
Better men, hereafter,
Shall we have, for laughter
Freely shouted to the woods till all the echoes ring.
Send the children up
To the high hill's top,
Or deep into the wood's recesses,
To woo spring's caresses.

J. L. Youl.

MORNING PRAYER.

O Thou who mak'st the sun to rise,
Beam on my soul, illume mine eyes,
And guide me through this world of care:
The wandering atom thou canst see.
The falling sparrow's marked by thee,
Then, turning Mercy's ear to me,
Listen! listen!
Listen to an infant's prayer!

THE TENDER SHEPHERD,

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me:
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

Through this day Thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

MARY L. DUNCAN, 1839.

WHAT BOYS ARE GOOD FOR.

[The teacher or examiner should ask the question of the first and second lines, and some merry little boy should respond.]

QUESTION:

What are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me if you can.—

* * * * * * * * *

ANSWER:

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Come with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,
"Good to love you, mamma,—good to love you."

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm
In smiling crowds draw near:
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Savior's voice to hear.

He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays His radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

"The soul that longs to see My face,
Is sure My love to gain:
And those that early seek My grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with Thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

DO GOOD.

Do all the good you can.
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume
Within the silent glade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

JANE TAYLOR.

LITTLE TYRANT.

Let every sound be dead;
Baby sleeps.
The Emperor softly tread!
Baby sleeps.
Let Mozart's music stop!
Let Phidias' chisel drop!
Baby sleeps.
Demosthenes be dumb!
Our tyrant's hour has come!
Baby sleeps.

A LITTLE GIRL.

Where have they gone to—the little girls,
With natural manners and natural curls?
Who love their dollies and like their toys,
And talk of something besides the boys?

Little old women in plenty I find,
Mature in manners and old of mind:
Little old flirts who talk of their "beaux"
And vie with each other in stylish clothes.

Little old belles, who at nine and ten
Are sick of pleasure and tired of men,
Weary of travel, of balls, of fun—
And find no new thing under the sun.

Once, in the beautiful long ago,
Some dear little children I used to know;
Girls who were merry as lambs at play,
And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not at all of the style of their clothes,
And never imagined that boys were "beaux"—
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were they;
Splendid fellows to help them at play.

Where have they gone to? If you see
One of them anywhere, send her to me.
I would give a medal of purest gold
To one of those dear little girls of old,
With an innocent heart and an open smile,
Who knows not the meaning of "flirt" or "style."

ELLA WHEELER.

FROWNS AND SNEERS.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
For angry thoughts reveal them,
Rather drown them all in tears,
Than let another feel them.

A LITTLE BOY.

Where have they gone to—the little boys,
With natural manners and natural joys?
Who cherish their youth—at least till they're ten,
And wait for their manhood ere playing at men?

Little old men in plenty I find,
Boorish in manners and sensual in mind:
Who express great contempt for "only a girl,"
Spending hours on a mustache too honest to curl.

Little old beaux with gloves and a cane,
Aping their elders, their manners, their mien;
Little old fops, incipient dudes,
Who already suffer from "states" and from "moods."

Once, in the beautiful long ago,
There were little boys I used to know,
Kind in their manners, real boys in their play,
Who whistled and frolicked the livelong day.

Who liked the girls because they were "mates"—
Girls who ran races and climbed high gates—
Who never said, "Oh, only girls, don't you know?"
Or "this is the fashion," or this is the "go."

Oh, where are these dear little gentlemen now?
Could I find one I'd give him a bow:
I would place on his forehead a crown of pure gold,
And a gem-hilted sword in his right hand to hold.
I would place him then on a beautiful throne,
And call all the children their king to own.

MATTIE E. MERRIAM.

MY MOTHER'S HYMN.

Like patient saint of olden time,
With lovely face, almost divine,
So good, so beautiful and fair,
Her very attitude a prayer;
I heard her sing so low and sweet,
"His loving kindness—oh, how great!"
Turning, beheld the saintly face,
So full of trust and patient grace.
"He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness—oh, how free!"
Sweetly thus did run the song,
"His loving kindness," all day long;
Trusting, praising, day by day,
She sang the sweetest roundelay,
"He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness—oh, how good!
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness—oh, how strong!"
So strong to lead her on the way
To that eternal better day,
Where safe at last in that blest home
All care and weariness are gone,
She "sings with rapture and surprise
His loving kindness in the skies."

WORK AND PLAY,

Work while you work, play while you play;
This is the way to be cheerful and gay.
All that you do, do with your might;
Things done by halves are never done right.

One thing each time, and that done well,
Is a very good rule, as many can tell:
Moments are useless, trifled away;
So work while you work, and play while you play.

MISS M. A. STODART.

MAMIE'S REQUEST.

Dear rain, without your help, I know,
The trees and flowers could not grow,
My roses all would fade and die
If you staid up behind the sky!

But lonely little girls like me
Don't like to stay indoors, you see,
And through the long and lonesome day—
I'm tired of books, I'm tired of play;

I'm tired of listening to the sound,
Of pattering drops upon the ground,
And watching through the misty pane
The clouded skies, O dreary rain!

And so I wish you'd tell me why,
Just to please me, you couldn't try
To let the bright sun shine all day,
And in the night, when he's away,

And all the world is dark and still,
And I'm asleep—*then*, if you will,
Come down and make my flowers grow,
Dear rain, and I will love you so.

SNOWED UNDER.

Of a thousand things that the Year snowed under—
The busy Old Year that has gone away—
How many will rise in the spring, I wonder,
Brought to life by the sun of May.
Will the rose-tree branches so wholly hidden,
That never a rose tree seems to be,
At the sweet spring's call come forth unbidden
And bud in beauty and bloom for me?

ELLA WHEELER.

SOME OF THE CHILDREN.

A is for Apt little Annie,
Who lives down in Maine with her grannie,
  Such pies she can make!
  And such doughnuts and cake!
Oh, we like to make visits to grannie.

C is for Curious Charlie,
Who lives on rice, oatmeal and barley.
  He once wrote a sonnet
  On his mother's best bonnet,
And he lets his hair grow long and snarley

D is for Dear little Dinah,
Whose manners grow finer and finer.
  She smiles and she bows
  To the pigs and the cows,
And she calls the old cat Angelina.

G is for Glad little Gustave,
Who says that a monkey he *must* have;
  But his mother thinks not,
  And says that they've got
All the monkey they care for in Gustave.

I is for Ignorant Ida,
Who doesn't know rhubarb from cider.
  Once she drank up a quart
  Which was more than she ought,
And it gave her queer feelings inside her

M is for Mournful Miss Molly,
Who likes to be thought melancholy.
  She's as limp as a rag
  When her sisters play tag,
For it's vulgar, she says, to be jolly.

N is for Naughty young Nat,
Who sat on his father's best hat.
When they asked if he thought
He had done as he ought,
He said he supposed 'twas the cat.

O's Operatic Olivia,
Who visits her aunt in Bolivia.
She can sing to high C—
But, between you and me,
They don't care for that in Bolivia.

P is for Poor little Paul,
Who doesn't like study at all,
But he's learning to speak
In Hebrew and Greek,
And is going to take Sanskrit next fall.

V is for Valiant young Vivian,
Who practiced awhile in oblivion;
Till he saw without doubt,
He could turn inside out,
And now they're all boasting of Vivian.

ISABEL FRANCES BELLOWS.

BE PATIENT.

Every lily in the meadow
Waits in patience for the rain,
Every daisy in the shadow
Waits till sunshine comes again;
Every birdie in its home nest
Waits for food, nor waits in vain.

Dearest Saviour, it is written,
"Be ye patient" in Thy word;
Make me patient as the lily,
Or the daisy, or the bird.
Give me, Lord, Thy loving spirit,
Never by impatience stirred!

NOW.

"There is a good time coming, boys,"
So runs the hopeful song;
Such is the poetry of youth,
When life and hope are strong.
But when these buoyant days are passed
Age cries: "How changed are men!
Things were not so when I was young;
The best of times was then."

"There is a good time coming, boys";
The truth we will allow;
But, waiting not for brighter days,
There is a good time now.
Why not improve the present, then,
Where'er the future lead;
And let each passing moment's page
Bear proof of thought and deed?

"There is a good time coming, boys";
And many a one has passed;
For each has had his own good time,
And will have to the last.
Then do thy work while lingers youth,
With freshness on its brow,
Still mindful of life's greatest truth,
The best of times is now.

THE BUSY MULE.

How doth the little busy mule
Toil patiently all day,
And switch his tail, and elevate
His lofty ears, and bray.
How doth his eye, with drowsy gleam,
Let naught escape his ken,
But when he elevates his heels
Where is the driver then?

FUNNY, ISN'T IT?

The pipers are not made of pipes,
And cowards are not made of cows;
And lyres are not made of lies,
While bowers are not made of bows.
The wickets are not made of wicks,
And candles are not made of cans;
And tickets are not made of ticks,
While panels are not made of pans.
The cattle are not made of cats,
While willows are not made of wills,
And battles are not made of bats,
And pilgrims not made of grim pills,
The cornets are not made of corns,
A hotel is not made of a hoe;
And hornets are not made of horns,
While all poets cannot be Poe.

CHRISTMUS COMIN'.

Christmus comin', Christmus comin',
In de air it soun's a hummin';
I got Christmus in my bones,
Nigger fer de turkey hones.
Wish I was down at camp meetin',
Whar de righteous fokes is greetin'.
Master tell me hoe de taters.
White fokes got such cuyus naters.
Nebber mind, de sun is high,
Mornin' comin' by-an'-by.
In white shirt an' lay-down collar,
Lazy nigger jump an' holler,
Crack his fingers, hoopin', dancin',
Yaller gals all come out prancin',
Mistiss giv' 'em plenty new
Dresses red an' dresses blue.
Turn yo' toes out, walk in line,
Satan see yo all de time.

Settin' watchin' for de sinner.
Had six hundud fer one dinner.
Glory, hallelujah high,
Jesus comin' by-an'-by.
Christmus comin' in de mornin',
Onct a year dat day be dawnin'.
Sinner come an' git yo whippin',
Whisky jug yo done been sippin'.
Kan't yo wait till day is ober?
When yo ken lay down in clober,
Kick yo heels, an' walk in pride,
Eat an' drink an' swell yo side.

PLANTING HIMSELF TO GROW

Dear little bright-eyed Willie,
Always so full of glee,
Always so very mischievous,
The pride of our home is he.

One bright summer day we found him
Close by the garden wall,
Standing so grave and dignified
Beside a sunflower tall.

His tiny feet he had covered
With the moist and cooling sand;
The stalk of the great, tall sunflower
He grasped with his chubby hand.

When he saw us standing near him,
Gazing so wonderingly
At his babyship, he greeted us
With a merry shout of glee.

We asked our darling what pleased him:
He replied with a face aglow,
"Mamma, I'm going to be a man:
I've planted myself to grow."

A MANLY, LOVING BOY.

He walks beside his mother,
And looks up in her face
With a glow of loving, joyous pride
And a truly royal grace;
He proudly waits upon her—
Would shield her without fear,
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

To see no tears of sorrow
Upon her loving cheek,
To gain her sweet approving smile,
To hear her softly speak—
Ah, what in all this wide, wide world
Could be to him so dear,
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier?

Look for that boy in the future
Among the good and true;
All blessings on the upward way
His feet shall still pursue!
Of robed and crowned and sceptered kings
He stands the royal peer,
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her noble cavalier.

AN OLD HEN.

An old hen sat on turtle's eggs,
And she hatched out goslings three;
Two were turkeys with slender legs,
And one was a bumble bee.
"Very odd children for such a mother!"
Said all the hens to one another.

M. M. D.

HEALTH ALPHABET.

As soon as you're up shake blanket and sheet;
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet,
Children, if healthy, are active, not still;
Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill.
Eat slowly, and always chew your food well;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell,
Garments must never be made too tight;
Homes should be healthy, airy and light.
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out.
Keep your rooms always tidy and clean;
Let dust on furniture never be seen.
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air;
Now to open the windows be ever your care.
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
People should see that their floors are well swept.
Quick movements in children are healthy and right;
Remember the young cannot thrive without light.
See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim.
Use your nose to find if there be a bad drain;
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train.
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue:
Xerxes could walk full many a league.
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

TAKE CARE.

Little children, you must seek
  Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak
  Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross or cruel, and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass,
Just as sure as you're alive!

What you have and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back,
So, my little folks, take care!

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view,
All beholders, as they pass,
Will perceive and know them, too.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,
Every root of beauty starts;
So think less about your curls,
More about your mind and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For, as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

ALICE CARY.

BABY.

Who is it coos just like a dove?
Who is it that we dearly love —
The brightest blessing from above?
Our baby.

While silent watch the angels keep,
Who smiles so sweetly in his sleep,
And oft displays his dimples deep?
Our baby.

WHO MADE THEM?

Mother, who make the stars which light
The beautiful blue sky?
Who made the moon so clear and bright,
That rises up so high?

"'Twas God, my child, the glorious One—
He formed them by His power;
He made alike the brilliant sun
And every leaf and flower.

"He made your little feet to walk,
Your sparkling eyes to see,
Your busy, prattling tongue to talk,
Your limbs so light and free.

"He paints each fragrant flower that glows
With loveliness and bloom;
He gives the violet and the rose
Their beauty and perfume.

"Our various wants His hands supply,
And guard us every hour;
We're kept beneath His watchful eye,
And guided by His power.

"Then let your little heart, my love,
Its grateful homage pay
To this kind Friend, who, from above,
So gently guides your way."

HOBBLEDY HOPS.

Hobbledy Hops,
He made some tops
Out of the morning glory;
He used the seed,—
He did, indeed;
And that's the end of my story.

A BABY'S FEET AND HANDS.

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink;
Their ten soft buds that part and meet,
No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink,
A baby's feet.

A baby's hands, like rose-buds furled,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurled,
A baby's hands.

Then fast as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurled,
They close, clenched hard like tightening bands.
No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world—
A baby's hands.

THE BUMBLE BEE.

The bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,
He flew to the top of the tulip tree;
He flew to the top, but he could not stop,
For he had to get home to his early tea.

The bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,
He flew away from the tulip tree;
But he made a mistake and flew into the lake,
And he never got home to his early tea.

TOTAL ANNIHILATION.

O, he was a Bowery bootblack bold,
And his years they numbered nine;
Rough and unpolished was he, albeit
He constantly aimed to shine.

As proud as a king, on his box he sat,
Munching an apple red;
While the boys of his set looked wistfully on,
And "Give us a bite!" they said.

But the bootblack smiled a lordly smile;
"No free bites here!" he cried.
Then the boys they sadly walked away,
Save *one* who stood at his side.

"Bill, give us the core?" he whispered low,
That bootblack smiled once more,
And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek:
"There *ain't goin' to be no core!*"

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

Suppose a bright green leaf that grows
Upon a rose-bush near,
Should say: "Because I'm not a rose,
I will not linger here!"

Suppose a little child should say:
"Because I'm not a man,
I will not try in word or play
To do what good I can!"

Kind words toward those you daily meet,
Kind words and actions right,
Will make this life of ours most sweet,
Turn darkness into light.

HOME AND MOTHER.

I hear the patter of childish feet
  Out in the garden fair,
And catch the glimpse of a sunny head,
  And I know my boy is there,
But I let him roam at his own sweet will,
  For I know he'll come at last
To the safe retreat of his mother's arms,
  When his happy sport is past.

I see through the door of the village school
  A boyish head bent low,
As he works away at his simple task,
  And the hours pass, oh! so slow!
Till I hear a ringing, boyish shout,
  And I know it is my boy,
Who again comes home when school is done,
  And is ever my pride and joy.

THE SECRET OF THE SUNFLOWER.

O sunflower, what is the secret thing
  You hide in your inmost heart,
When you turn to the sun, like a slave to a king,
  With all your leaves apart?

The hollyhocks vainly listen round,
  They are nearly as tall as you;
The bee comes away with an angry sound,
  For he cannot get the clue.

You hide your secret, day in, day out,
  But you eagerly watch your king,
And some hot noon you will speak with a shout,
  And tell us that secret thing!

THE LOST CHILD.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees,
I stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid,
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said.
"Yes, but your last?" She shook her head:
"Up to our house 'ey never said
A single fing about it."

"But, dear," I said, "What is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me tell you?
Dest Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came:
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
You, little one—is't just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"'Cept when I've been a-frowing stones,
And then she says," the culprit owns,
"Mehitable Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?"

WHAT IS MAN?

Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossoms on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah had,
E'en such is man;—whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.

NOWHERE.

[A song for boys and girls who are always discontented.]

Do you know where the summer blooms all the year round,
Where there never is rain on a picnic day,
Where the thornless rose in its beauty grows,
And the little boys never are called from play?
Oh! hey! it is far away,
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

Would you like to live where nobody scolds,
Where you never are told: "It is time for bed,"
Where you learn without trying, and laugh without crying,
Where snarls never pull when they comb your head?
Then oh! hey! you must hie away
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

If you long to dwell where you need never wait,
Where no one is punished or made to cry,
Where a supper of cakes is not followed by aches,
And little folks thrive on a diet of pie;
Then ho! hey! you must go, I say,
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

You must drift down the river of Idle Dreams,
Close to the border of No-man's land;
For a year and a day you must sail away,
And then you will come to an unknown strand.
And ho! hey! if you get there—stay
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

ELLA WHEELER.

STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER.

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary, one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

MRS. FOLLEN.

THE EVENING HYMN.

God the Father! be Thou near,
Save from every harm to-night;
Make us all Thy children dear;
In the darkness be our light.

God the Savior! be our peace;
Put away our sins to-night;
Speak the word of full release;
Turn our darkness into light.

Holy Spirit! deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night;
In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Then our darkness shall be light.

FIREFLIES.

Standing with her palms together
Pressed so tight,
On her face a look of wonder
And delight,
Gracie watched the fireflies dancing
Here and there,
Gleaming through the sweet, soft, summer
Evening air.
Mamma smiled to see the dawning
Glad surprise
In the clear depths of her girlie's
Hazel eyes.

"Are they fairies' lanterns, mamma?"
Questioned she;
"That at night they carry with them,
So to see;
Or," the eager little face flushed
Rosy bright,
With a memory of winter's
Fleecy-white,
And she clapped her small hands softly,
"Now I know,
Mamma, they are little star-flakes,
Like the snow."

A. C. S.

THIS IS EAST, AND THIS IS WEST.

[This should be recited by a little boy who illustrates the poem by the movement of his hands.]

This is east, and this is west,
Soon I'll learn to say the rest;
This is high, and this is low,
Only see how much I know.
This is narrow, this is wide,
Something else I know beside.

"LITTLE CHILDREN."

Keep a guard on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey,
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life,
They can cut in the strife of anger,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged
If their errand is true and kind;
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind.
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompts the words let them be unsaid;
They may flash through a brain like lightning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock, and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From this time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the beautiful words of truth.

"WHEN I AM BIG."

When I am big I mean to buy
A dozen platters of pumpkin pie,
A barrel of nuts, to have 'em handy,
And fifty pounds of sugar candy.

When I am big I mean to wear
A long-tailed coat, and crop my hair;
I'll buy a paper, and read the news,
And sit up late whenever I choose.

MY BOY.

A little roll of flannel fine;
A thrill in mother's heart—"'tis mine;"
A little head of golden hair;
A lifted eye to heaven in prayer.

A smile that ripples to a laugh;
A tear with grief in its behalf;
A pushing of a slender chair;
A climbing of the oaken stair.

A stride o'er everything at hand;
A horse at Santa Claus' command;
A little cart all painted red;
A train of cars at full speed sped.

A pair of "pants" that reached the knee;
A strut like midshipman from sea;
A pair of boots with tops of red;
A knife, a ball, a gallant sled.

A pocket full of everything;
A "shooter," skates and yards of string;
A voting fractions "such a bore;"
A holiday rejoicing o'er.

A stretching down the pantaloon;
A swim—a wrestling match at noon;
A little Latin now, and Greek;
A letter home just once a week.

A roaming through collegiate halls;
A summer evening spent in calls;
A rapture o'er a sunny face;
A bow, a ring, some bridal lace.

A kneeling at the chancel rail;
A trembling bride, a bridegroom pale;
A leap into the world's wide sea;
My boy was gone—ah me! ah me!

FRANCES A. M. JOHNSON.

BABY!

Another little wave
  Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save
  Amid the toil and strife.

Two more little feet
  To walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet,
  The narrow and the broad.

Two more little hands
  To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes;
  Another little will.

Another heart to love,
  Receiving love again;
All babies are the same,
  Charges of joy and pain.

EASTER LILIES.

A little maid walked smiling on her way,
Bearing white lilies on an Easter day;
Herself a lily, pure and fair as they.

But as she passed they bore along the mart,
A little child, whom death had set apart,
Her small hands lying empty on her heart.

Close to the bier the little maiden pressed,
And laid her lilies on the pulseless breast,
Saying "Take these to light thee to thy rest."

"If to my Lord I bring no lily bell,
He is so near my heart He knows full well
I love Him more than any tongue can tell."

EMILY HUNTINGDON MILLER.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture
  Up through the long shadowy lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheatfield,
  That is yellow with ripening grain;
They find, in the thick, waving grasses,
  Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows:
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
  And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow;
  They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
  In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
  And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest,
  On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
  And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells—
  Fairy barques that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking treetops,
  Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
  By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
  The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
  Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,
  The noble and wise of the land,
The sword, and chisel, and pallet,
  Shall be held in the little brown hand.

THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing.
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE BABY SLEEPS.

Baby sleeps, so we must tread
Softly round her little bed,
And be careful that our toys
Do not fall and make a noise.

We must not talk, but whisper low;
Mother wants to work, you know,
That when father comes to tea,
All may neat and cheerful be.

WAITING.

Little maiden, are you lonely,
  Standing there beside the sea?
Are your blue eyes sad, or only
  Filled with dreams too fair for me?
Are the summer breezes making
  Fairy music on the sand,
And the quiet ripples breaking
  From some sea-girt fairy land?

Ah, the fragrant flowers never
  Fade in that soft sunny air,
And the fairy people ever
  Send you dreams and fancies rare!
Little maiden, you must only
  Keep your blue eyes clear and free,
And you never will be lonely
  Standing there beside the sea.

ONLY ONE!

You sleep upon your mother's breast,
  Your race begun,
A welcome, long a wished-for guest,
  Whose age is One!

A baby-boy, you wonder why
  You cannot run;
You try to talk—how hard you try!
  You're only One.

Ere long you won't be such a dunce;
  You'll eat your bun,
And fly your kite, like folk who once
  Were only One.

You'll rhyme and woo, and fight and joke,
  Perhaps you'll pun;
Such feats are never done by folk
  Before they're One.

DID NOT PASS.

FOR MANY A GOOD BOY.

"So, John, I hear you did not pass;
You were the lowest in your class,
Got not a prize of merit,
But grumbling now is no avail;
Just tell me how you came to fail,
With all your sense and spirit?"

"Well, sir, I missed, 'mong other things,
The list of Egypt's shepherd kings
(I wonder who does know it).
An error of three years I made
In dating England's first crusade;
And, as I am no poet,

"I got Euripides all wrong,
And could not write a Latin song;
And as for Roman history,
With Hun and Vandal, Goth and Gaul
And Gibbon's weary 'Rise and Fall,'
'Twas all a hopeless mystery.

"But, father, do not fear or sigh
If 'Cram' does proudly pass me by,
And pedagogues ignore me;
I've common sense, I've will and health,
I'll win my way to honest wealth;
The world is all before me.

"And though I'll never be a Grecian,
Know Roman laws or art Phœnician,
Or sing of love and beauty,
I'll plow, or build, or sail, or trade,
And you need never be afraid
But that I'll do my duty."

MARY E. BURNETT.

LADY GOLDEN-ROD.

'O pretty Lady Golden-Rod,
I'm glad you've come to town!
I saw you standing by the gate,
All in your yellow gown.
No one was with me, and I thought
You might be lonely, too;
And so I took my card case
And came to visit you.

"You're fond of company, I know;
You smile so at the sun,
And when the winds go romping past
You bow to every one.
How you should ever know them all
I'm sure I cannot tell;
But when I come again, I hope
You'll know me just as well.

"I love you, Lady Golden-Rod;
You are so bright and fine;
You never have a rumpled frock,
Or tangled hair, like mine.
I think your mamma comes at night,
When we are all away,
And dresses you in green and gold
Fresh for another day.

"How tall you are, dear Golden-Rod!
You're taller 'most than I;
I cannot grow so very fast,
Although I try and try.
Oh, here's mamma, dear Golden-Rod!
I'll ask her please to stop;
And she shall say which one of us
Comes highest at the top."

The lovely Lady Golden-Rod!
She surely understood;

For when wee Margie turned around,
She bent down all she could,
Until the fluffy yellow heads
Upon a level came,
And Margie's mother, smiling, said:
"Your heights are just the same!"

CARRIE W. BRONSON.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night! the sun is setting,
"Good-night!" the robins sing,
And blue-eyed dolls and blue-eyed girls
Should soon be following.
Come! lay the Lady Geraldine
Among the pillows white;
'Tis time the little mother kissed
Her sleepy doll good-night.

And, Willie, put the cart away,
And drive into the shed
The pony and the muley cow—
'Tis time to go to bed.
For, listen! in the lilac tree
The robin does not sing;
"Good-night!" he sang, and tucked his head
Beneath his weary wing.

Soon all the world will go to rest,
And all the sky grow dim;
God "giveth His beloved sleep,"
So we may trust in Him.
The Lord is in the shadow,
And the Lord is in the light,
To guard His little ones from harm;
Good-night, dear hearts, good-night!

TO GROWN-UP LAND.

Good-morning, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?

O, this way and that way—never stop,
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words will never pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown—
O, that is the way to Womanhood Town.

Just wait, my brave lad, one moment, I pray,
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell me the way?

O, by toiling and trying we reach that land—
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand—
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down—
O, that is the way to Manhood Town.

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in Grown Up Land.

BRIGHT LITTLE DANDELION.

Bright little dandelion,
  Downy yellow-face,
Peeping up among the grass
  With such gentle grace;
Minding not the April wind
  Blowing rude and cold,
Brave little dandelion,
  With a heart of gold!

A CHILD'S FANCIES.

I.—THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow hill,
And sees before him field and plain—
The pleasant Land of Counterpane.

II.—THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid;
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

Oh, you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I'D BE—WOULDN'T YOU?

Two little feet running up and down,
Two chubby hands pulling my gown,
Two little blue eyes peeping at me,
Bluer no two little eyes could be.

Who wouldn't be mamma to two little feet?
Mamma to two little hands so sweet?
Mamma to two little eyes so blue?
I'd be mamma to them—wouldn't you?

A sweet red mouth, and one little nose,
Ten plump fingers, and ten little toes,
Two cunning dimples, that play bo-peep
With the smiles that round the corners creep.

Who wouldn't be mamma to mouth and nose?
Mamma to ten little fingers and toes?
Mamma to dear little dimples, too?
I'd be mamma to them—wouldn't you?

Out in the morning, merry and bold,
Trying to pick up the sunbeam's gold,
Pinching the dog, and pulling the cat,
Hiding away under grandpa's hat.

Who wouldn't be mamma to such a boy?
Mamma to such a dear household joy?
Mamma to one so precious and true?
I'd be mamma to him—wouldn't you?

DEAR LADS AND LASSES.

Out in the hilly patch,
  Seeking the berries—
Under the orchard trees,
  Feasting on cherries—
Trampling the clover blooms
  Down 'mong the grasses,
No voice to hinder them,
  Dear lads and lasses!

No grim propriety—
  No interdiction;
Free as the birdlings
  From city restriction!
Coining the purest blood,
  Strength'ning each muscle,
Donning health armor
  'Gainst life's coming bustle.

PRAYER FOR SATURDAY EVENING.

Chafed and worn with worldly care,
Sweetly, Lord, my heart prepare;
Bid this inmost tempest cease;
Jesus, come and whisper peace!
Hush the whirlwind of my will;
With thyself my spirit fill;
End in calm this busy week,
Let the Sabbath gently break.
Sever, Lord, these earthly ties—
Fain my soul to Thee would rise;
Disentangle me from time,
Lift me to a purer clime;
Let me cast away my load;
Let me now draw near to God,
Gently, loving Jesus, speak;
End in calm this busy week,

KINDLY WORDS.

George Herbert says that "good words are worth much, though they cost but little." There are very few of us who rightly estimate the value of daily speech. Many a word, thoughtlessly spoken, inflicts a wound that lingers long and painfully. We should not only avoid the speech that hurts and wounds, but be generous of the speech that cheers and gladdens.

Speak gently; in this world of ours,
Where clouds o'ersweep the sky,
And sweetest flowers and fairest forms
Are ever first to die,
Where friendship changes, and the ties
That bind fond hearts are riven,
Mild, soothing words are like the stars
That light the midnight heaven.
There are enough of tears on earth,
Enough of toil and care;
And e'en the lightest heart hath much
To suffer and to bear.
Within each spirit's hidden depths
Some sweet hope withered lies,
From whose soft, faded blood we turn
In sadness to the skies.

THE SABBATH.

Welcome thou peaceful dawn!
O'er field and wooded lawn
The wonted sound of busy toil is laid.
And hark! the village bell!
Whose simple tinklings swell,
Sweet as the soft music on the straw-roofed shed,
And bid the pious cottager prepare
To keep the appointed rest, and seek the house of prayer.

TWO KINGS.

Two kings ruled in an eastern land,
King Gentle-Heart, King Mighty-Hand;
With Mighty-Hand the king, how fast
The fertile fields to deserts passed!
Birds flew distraught and blossoms failed;
The mothers wept, the children wailed;
All harvesters were armed bands,
The sword was in the reaper's hands;
There shone no joyous Christmas day
When Mighty-Hand, the king, had sway.

Two kings ruled in an eastern land,
King Gentle Heart, King Mighty-Hand;
With Gentle-Heart the king, again
The desert grew an harvest plain;
Bees hummed and blossoms apples made;
Birds put delight in sun and shade;
Mothers o'er cradles crooning hung;
Strong men in wheat-fields reaping sung;
And Christmas came, the children's day,
When Gentle-Heart, the king, had sway!

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

USEFUL LITTLE WORDS.

Hearts, like doors, can ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that they are these:
"*I thank you, sir*" and "*If you please.*"

Then let us watch these little things,
And so respect each other;
That not a word, or look, or tone
May wound a friend or brother.

THE LAMENT OF A LEFT-OVER DOLL.

I'm a left-over doll, and I grieve to relate
How sad is my fortune, how lonely my fate;
For I had no notion that I should lie here,
Forlorn and neglected, at this time of year.

Oh, long before Christmas they dressed me up fine—
No dollie had clothes any better than mine;
And I rather imagine I looked very nice,
As many fine ladies inquired my price.

I was handled and dandled and fondly caressed—
My beauty admired, my value confessed,
And yet for some reason or other was I
Put back in the show-case, the buyer went by.

One dear little maiden came into the store;
She saw me, and for me began to implore,
And said that there wasn't a doll in the place
With a handsomer dress or a lovelier face.

She stared at me long, so, of course, I stared back,
And saw that her eyes were a beautiful black;
And I wanted to speak, but I couldn't, because
I hadn't been made with a hinge in my jaws.

I dreamed about Christmas, and how I should be
Stuck into a stocking, or up on a tree,
Then carried about in my mistress' arms
That all might admire my wonderful charms.

But Santa Claus came, and he went on his way,
And took with him many a doll, I dare say;
But as I've a chance to look round me, I find
That dozens and dozens are still left behind.

If you were a left-over dollie yourself
You'd know how I feel, lying here on the shelf
So long after Christmas, and wouldn't expect
Me to smile at old Santa Claus' cruel neglect.

They've marked down my price; and I very much fear
That those who buy cheaply will hold me less dear,
And the army of curious shoppers I shun,
Since I had no part in the holiday fun.

LOVELINESS.

Once I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl,
All in vain;
On her cheek no tint of rose
Paled and blushed, or sought repose;
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
Came and went,
As a recompense for pain,
Angels sent;
So full many a beauteous thing
In her young soul blossoming
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
Pure and true;
And in time the homely face
Lovelier grew;
With a heavenly radiance bright,
From the soul's reflected light
Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,
Plain or poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth;
And this beauty not of earth
Will endure.

ST. NICHOLAS.

LITTLE BROWN BUSHY-TAIL.

Little brown Bushy-Tail lived up a tree,
And mossy and snug was his nest;
Acorns and beechnuts in plenty had he,
And he scarcely knew which he liked best;

He was cheery of temper and agile of limb,
And his own little will was his law;
For what was the world and its worries to him,
When he held a plump nut in his claw?

As he cracked it he twinkled his knowing black eyes,
The kernel picked out by and by;
Then he ate it and looking uncommonly wise,
Said, "Folk may be worse off than I.

"For I'm sure I'm content with my portion in life,
And of nuts I've a plentiful store;
With my little brown babies and little brown wife,
What on earth could a squirrel want more?"

He had lots of near neighbors as merry as he,
They were cheery and playful each one;
Don't they show us that happy 'tis easy to be,
If good humor we give with our fun?

Content with the blessings our Father may give,
How happy would all of us be,
If we tried with our friends and our neighbors to live
As the brown squirrel did in the tree!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothing her work and folding it right,
She said "Dear work! Good-Night! Good-Night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things! Good-Night! Good-Night!"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl! Good-Night! Good-Night!"

She did not say to the Sun, "Good-Night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew that he had God's time to keep,
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink fox-glove bowed his head—
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her short, sweet prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful Sun,
"Good-Morning! Good-Morning! Our work is begun!"

LORD HOUGHTON.

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."

"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LOVE THY MOTHER, LITTLE ONE.

Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain;
Love thy mother, little one!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That heaven may long the stroke defer—
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

THOMAS HOOD.

BIRD'S NESTS.

If ever I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in a pretty nest,
I must not, in play,
Steal the young birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away;
So I'll speak to the birds,
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

THE QUEEN IN HER CARRIAGE RIDING BY.

Oh, the queen in her carriage is passing by;
Her cheeks are like roses, her eyes like the sky;
Her wonderful teeth are white as new milk,
Her pretty blonde hair is softer than silk.

She's the loveliest monarch that ever was seen;
You ask of what country the darling is queen;
Her empire extends not to far distant parts,
She is queen of our household, the mistress of hearts.

For scepter she lifts her soft dimpled hands;
Her subjects all hasten to heed her commands;
Her smile is bewitching and fearful her frown,
And all must obey when she puts her foot down.

May blessings descend on the bright little head,
From the time she awakes till she's safely in bed;
And now do you guess, when I speak of the queen,
'Tis only our six months' baby I mean?

THE LARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet by thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth:
Where, on thy dewy wing—
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.

JAMES HOGG.

TALE OF A DOG AND A BEE.

Great big dog,
  Head upon his toes;
Tiny little bee
  Settles on his nose.

Great big dog
  Thinks it is a fly,
Never says a word,
  Winks mighty sly.

Tiny little bee
  Tickles dog's nose—
Thinks like as not
  'Tis a blooming rose.

Dog smiles a smile,
  Winks his other eye,
Chuckles to himself
  How he'll catch a fly.

Then he makes a snap,
  Mighty quick and spry,
Gets the little bug,
  But doesn't catch the fly.

Tiny little bee,
  Alive and looking well,
Great big dog,
  Mostly gone to swell.

MORAL.

Dear friends and brothers all,
  Don't be too fast and free,
And when you catch a fly
  Be sure it ain't a bee.

A MITE SONG.

Only a drop in the bucket,
  But every drop will tell,
The bucket would soon be empty
  Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
  It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
  It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon
  And some toys that were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
  Which has made me happy too.

Only some out-grown garments;
  They were all I had to spare,
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
  And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,
  That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy,
  And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
  Though the gift be poor and small;
What doth He think of His children
  When they never give at all?

GIVE THE LITTLE BOYS A CHANCE.

Little hands will soon be strong
  For the work that they must do;
Little lips will sing their song
  When these early days are through.
So, you big boys, if we're small,
  On our toes you needn't dance;
There is room enough for all—
  Give the little boys a chance.

NOBODY'S DOG.

Only a dirty black and white dog!
You can see him any day,
Trotting meekly from street to street.
He almost seems to say,
As he looks in your face with wistful eyes,
"I don't mean to be in your way."

His tail hangs drooping between his legs;
His body is thin and spare;
How he envies the sleek and well-fed dogs
That thrive on their master's care!
And he wonders what they must think of him
And grieves at his own hard fare.

Sometimes he sees a friendly face—
A face that he seems to know;
And thinks he may be the master
That he lost so long ago;
And even dares to follow him home,
For he loved his master so.

Poor Jack! He's only mistaken again,
And stoned and driven back;
But he's used to disappointment now,
And takes up his beaten track;
Nobody's dog, for nobody cares
For poor, unfortunate Jack.

WOMAN'S DAY.

One tear-drop from a mother's eye,
One little sob from a mother's heart,
Will make her wild boy's conscience start,
And waken echoes to her sigh.

One heavy slap from a mother's hand,
A whack upon the wild boy's ear,
Will make him from her presence steer
And rue the mischief he had planned.

TWO LITTLE MAGPIES SAT ON A WALL.

Two magpies sat on a garden rail,
As it might be Wednesday week;
And one little magpie wagged his tail
In the other little magpie's beak.

And, doubling like a fist his little claw-hand,
Said this other, "Upon my word,
This is more than flesh and blood can stand
Of magpie or any bird."

So they pecked and they scratched each other's eyes,
Till all that was left on the rail
Was the beak of one of the little magpies
And the other little magpie's tail!

COUNTRY CHILDREN.

Little fresh violets,
Born in the wildwood;
Sweetly illustrating
Innocent childhood;
Shy as the antelope—
Brown as a berry—
Free as the mountain air,
Romping and merry.

Blue eyes and hazel eyes
Peep from the hedges,
Shaded by sun-bonnets,
Frayed at the edges!
Up in the apple trees
Careless of danger,
Manhood in embryo
Stares at the stranger.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

"Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!"
  Heard little Rose in the gloaming;
The words came hurriedly and shrill,
  When she in the fields was roaming;
Then into the house she soon went skipping,
To ask why poor Will wanted a whipping.
"Has he been naughty?" she asked, with dread,
"That he must be whipped and sent to bed?"

"Whip poor-will! whip-poor-will!"
  Those words came again—those words only,
The wind was whispering softly and still,
  And the world seemed dark and lonely,
"Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!" was still the cry
She heard from the tree-tops so tall and high
"What have you done?" called Rose, as shrill
As the voice that cried "Whip-poor-will!"

"Whip poor-will! whip-poor-will!"
  "What do you cry for?" said little Rose,
And this the thought that came to her still,
  "Ah! cry for a whipping! I suppose,
What a strange, silly fool that thing must be,
To cry for a whipping up there in the tree."
Then she gravely said, with a sigh,
"Ah! you have been telling a lie!"

"Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!"
  She heard till the sound grew weary!
The evening air was damp and chill,
  The dim old wood was lone and dreary.
Ah! the notes were now so solemn and sad,
She though the creature began to feel bad,
And in pity she softly said,
"*Why don't you slyly steal to bed?*"

LUCY S. RUGGLES.

GOD MADE ALL THINGS.

God made the sky that looks so blue;
He made the grass so green;
He made the flowers that look so sweet,
In pretty colors seen.

God made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see;
It comes to give us heat and light—
How thankful we should be!

God made the pretty bird to fly;
How sweetly has she sung!
And though she flies so very high,
She won't forget her young.

God made the cow to give nice milk,
The horse for me to use;
I'll treat them kindly, for His sake,
Nor dare His gifts abuse.

God made the water for my drink;
He made the fish to swim;
He made the tree to bear nice fruit;
Oh, how I should love him!

GOOD-NIGHT, LITTLE STAR.

Good-night, little star!
I will go to my bed
And leave you to burn
While I lay down my head.

On my pillow I'll sleep
Till the morning light,
Then you will be fading
And I shall be bright.

SKIPPING.

Over the rope and under the rope,
And over the rope we go;
Tripping, skipping,
Skipping, tripping,
But never, never slow!

Over the rope and under the rope,
And over the rope we go;
Springing, singing,
Singing, springing,
But never, never slow!

Skipping over the wet,
And skipping over the dry,
If we don't get over the ground
We'll know the reason why.

TRY.

"Can't-do-it" sticks in the mud, but "Try" soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapt at him. The bees said "Try," and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said "Try," and up he went to the top of the beech tree. The snowdrop said "Try," and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said "Try," and the spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said "Try," and he found that his new wings soon took him over hedges and ditches, and up to where his father was singing. The ox said "Try," and plowed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for "Try" to climb; no field too wet for "Try" to drain; no hole too big for "Try" to mend. "Can't-do-it" is a lazy fellow, but "Try" is the lad for me!

WHAT A LITTLE LEAF SAID.

Once on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said: "What is the matter, little leaf?"

"The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down on the ground to die."

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. When the tree heard it it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf: "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly and you shall not go till you want to."

So the leaf stopped sighing, and went on rustling and singing.

When the bright days of autumn came the little leaf saw the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Then it asked the tree what this meant, and the tree said: "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on those beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it. And when it was very gay in colors it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, so it said: "O, branch, why are you lead colored and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes," said the tree, "for our life is not done yet, but your clothes are for a holiday, for your task is over."

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And none about the sad ones.

We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps, to wake it;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

A TRIBUTE TO AN OLD SHOE.

Adieu! adieu!
My poor old shoe!
What comfort I have had with you!
My *sole* companion day by day,
You've cheered and soothed my weary way!

A fond adieu,
My dear old shoe!
Most faithful friend I've found in you!
Alike, midst fair or wintry weather,
We've shared life's pilgrimage together.

Now rent and torn,
And sadly worn,
Of every trace of beauty shorn.
'Tis with an honest, heart-felt sigh
I feel that I must throw you by.

A sad adieu!
Poor worn out shoe!
What sorry plights you've borne me through!
And, oh! it tears my tender heart
To think that you and I must part.

Once more, adieu!
My faithful shoe!
I ne'er shall find the likes o' you,
And I will bless your memory
For all the good you've been to me.

No other boot
Can ever suit
As you have done my crippled feet!
No other shoe can ever be
The tried, true friend you've been to me.

A last adieu,
Dear cast-off shoe!
Whatever may become of you,
Accept, dear, easiest, best of shoes,
This farewell offering of my muse.

HARRY LOGIC.

y Harry and his sister Nan
Sat by the fire one day,
Talking, as children often do,
In such an earnest way.

"Nan, tell me, don't you really think
Of all the folks we know,
The poorest ones are best of all?"
Said Harry, speaking slow.

Fair Nannie opened wide her eyes,
And shook her curly head;
"I never thought of it before,"
The little maiden said.

But, don't you see, it must be so?
Just think of Uncle Lee;
He's very rich, but, oh! so mean,
And proud as he can be.

"While there is dear old Grandma Dale,
Who lives up on the hill,
To everybody she is kind,
Although so poor and ill."

"Perhaps you're right," said sister Nan,
"But, if I only could,
I'd rather not be poor at all—
I'd be both rich and good."

"Well, Nan," exclaimed the little rogue,
"Now this is what I meant,
I'm sure I must be awful good,
For I'm not worth a cent."

L. L. PHELPS.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little ills may vex your heart,
  Little crosses ruffle you;
Little pricks may cause a smart,
  Little cares may trouble you.
Do not let them weigh your spirit,
Bear them bravely—that's the merit;
Think of what the old folks say,
"Merry hearts go all the day."

Life is full of work and hope,
  Many duties fall to you;
If, then, small cares make you mope,
  How can small goods brighten you?
Throw them off—they burden lightness;
Tread them down—they dim your brightness;
Think of what the old folks say,
"Sad hearts tire a mile away."

GATHERING FLOWERS.

Two children on their way from school
  Are gathering flowers fair;
So fair, so fresh, so sweet, so gay,
  And yet they are not rare.

They are but flowers growing wild
  Upon the common round,
Yet wondrous sweet as wild birds' note,
  That free, wild, thrilling sound!

As fresh and fair and sweet as they
  Are the children standing there,
In happy freedom, careless grace:
  What flowers could be more fair?

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like song of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, and brave, and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains few may guess.

EASTER GREETING.

May the glad dawn
Of Easter morn
Bring holy joy to thee!

May the calm eve
Of Easter leave
A peace divine with thee!

May Easter day
To thine heart say,
"Christ died and rose for thee!"

May Easter night
On thine heart write,
"O Christ, I live to Thee!"

MORNING.

Let's up and be doing,
The morning is bright,
We hail it with rapture,
With sweetest delight.

The east is all dazzling
With azure and gold,
The roses are fragrant,
And sweet to behold.

The sunlight is playing
On tree-top and hill,
And dew-drops are shining
Beside the dark rill.

The birds carol sweetly
To hail the new spring,
And "May-day is coming,"
The school-children sing.

How bright is the morning,
How golden its hours!
All nature is glowing
With sunshine and flowers.

Let's up and be doing,
The dark night is past,
Cast bread on the waters.
'Twill come back at last.

LUCY S. RUGGLES.

WASHING DISHES.

Let boys have all the sport they will,
  In running, walking, riding—
The girls a surer pleasure have,
  And one that's more abiding.
The boys may hunt, and fly their kites,
  Or try all day for fishes;
But, oh! there's nothing in the world
  So nice as washing dishes.

There's much to see and talk about
  Within this world of ours;
There's much to love and to admire
  In poetry and flowers;
But there cannot be a girl found
  Who asks, or hopes, or wishes
For any better pleasure than
  The fun of washing dishes.

CARRIE E. ELLIS.

"IT RAINS."

"It rains! it rains! oh dear! oh dear!
  Why does it rain to-day?
For now I cannot go to see
  Dear little Ellen Gray.

"It seems to me it always rains
  When I would see a friend!
The clouds are very dense and black—
  I wish the day would end.

"It is too bad! I stay at home
  Till I am weary quite!
Oh! do you think 'twill clear away—
  The skies again be bright?"

LUCY S. RUGGLES.

THE BREEZES.

Suppose the little breezes,
  Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
  The traveler on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
  And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
  If they were talking so!

How many deeds of kindness
  A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
  And little wisdom, too.
It wants a loving spirit,
  Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
  For others by its love!

LUCY LARCOM.

A BOY'S DREAM.

Nine grenadiers with bayonets on their guns;
Nine bakers' baskets with hot cross buns;
Nine brown elephants standing in a row;
Nine new velocipedes—good ones to go;
Nine Knickerbocker suits with buttons all complete;
Nine pairs of skates with straps for the feet;
Nine little drummer boys beating on their drums;
Nine fat Aldermen sitting on their thumbs;
Nine times running—I dreamt it all plain.
With bread and cheese for supper I could dream it all again.

LILLIPUT LEVEE.

TWENTY FROGS AT SCHOOL.

Twenty froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green
Twenty vests all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they;
"First we study then we play:
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive
Likewise how to leap and dive;
From his seat upon the log
Showed them how to say "Ker-chog!"
Also, how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot.
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

G. W. HANGFORD.

BABY SISTER.

I've a baby sister,
A wee thing and simple;
There's a dint in her cheek,
They call it a dimple.

She has a little hand,
Doubled up in a fist,
And a red, rosy mouth,
Sweet enough to be kissed.

Her face, like an apple
That is well baked and sweet,
Looks soft, red and wrinkled,
So do her tiny feet.

Mamma says I must love
This queer little stranger,
And when she runs about
Keep her out of danger.

I don't need a sister!
She's only in the way;
So don't bring another
Here, good doctor, I pray!

LUCY S. RUGGLES.

THE BUSY BEE.

"Busy bee! busy bee!
Where is your home?"
"In truth, pretty maiden,
I live in a comb."

"And you, little rabbit,
Where do you rush?"
"I rush to my home, dear,
Under the brush!"

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T EAT CRUSTS.

The awfulest times that ever could be
They had with a bad little girl of Dundee,
Who never would finish her crust.

In vain they besought her,
And patiently taught her
And told her she must.
Her grandma would coax,
And so would the folks,
And tell her the sinning
Of such a beginning.
But no, she wouldn't,
She couldn't, she shouldn't,
She'd have them to know—
So they might as well go.

And what do you think came soon to pass?
This little girl of Dundee, alas!
Who wouldn't take crusts in the regular way,
Sat down to a feast one summer's day;
And what did the people that little girl give?
Why, a dish of *bread pudding*—as sure as I live!

MARY MAPES DODGE.

A LITTLE GIRL'S QUESTIONS.

What is the use of these tiny hands?
To clasp my mother with loving bands.

What is the use of these restless toes?
To keep me following where she goes.

What is the use of this mouth, I pray?
Only for kissing, so sweet, each day.

What is the use of this pretty hair?
Why, the sunbeams love to hide them there.

UP AND DOING.

Let's up and be doing,
That twilight may come
And find us all ready—
We'll joyful go home.

Let's up and be doing,
The dark night is near,
The sunlight will vanish,
Death's river appear.

Let's up and be doing,
Ere light fades away;
The dark night is coming,
Oh, work while there's day.

Let's up and be doing,
That when the night's past,
On Jesus' arm leaning,
We waken at last.

The sunlight is gleaming
In mansions above,
The home of our dear ones,
And God who is love.

LUCY S. RUGGLES.

MY WEEK.

On Monday I wash my dollie's clothes,
On Tuesday smoothly press 'em;
On Wednesday mend their little hose,
On Thursday neatly dress 'em,

On Friday I play they're taken ill,
On Saturday something or other,
But when Sunday comes, I say, "Lie still;
I'm going to church with mother."

A BIT OF POTTERY.

The potter stood at his daily work,
  One patient foot on the ground;
The other with never-slacking speed,
  Turning his swift wheel round.
Silent we stood beside him there,
  Watching the restless knee,
Till my friend said low, in pitying voice,
  'How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work,
  Shaping the wondrous thing;
'Twas only a common flower-pot,
  But perfect in fashioning.
Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
  With homely truth inspired:
"No, marm, it isn't the foot that kicks—
  The one that stands gets tired."

YE CHILDREN, BE GAY.

Ye children, be gay,
  Enjoy innocent fun;
'Tis right you should play
  When your life's just begun.

But you should be kind,
  And your parents obey;
If them you do mind,
  You will not go astray.

Be good while you may,
  'Tis a message from Heaven;
Do good day by day,
  A commandment that's given.

LUCY S. RUGGLES.

DO YOUR BEST.

A gentleman once said to a physician: "I think that at night you would feel so worried over the work of the day that you would not be able to sleep."

"My head hardly touches the pillow till I fall asleep," replied the physician. "I made up my mind," he continued, "at the commencement of my professional career to do my best under all circumstances, and so doing I am not troubled with any misgivings."

A good rule for us to follow. Too many are disposed to say, "No matter how I do this work now; next time I'll do better." The practice is as bad as the reasoning. "No matter how I learn this lesson in the lower class· when I get into a higher department then I'll study." As well might the mother in knitting stockings, say, "No matter how the tip is done; even if I do drop a stitch now and then, I'll do better when I get further along." What kind of a stocking would that be?

As well might the builder say, "I don't care how I make the foundation of this house; anything will do here; wait till I get to the top, then I'll do good work."

Said Sir Joshua Reynolds once to Doctor Samuel Johnson: "Pray tell me, sir, by what means have you attained such extraordinary accuracy and flow of language in the expression of your ideas?"

"I laid it down as a fixed rule," replied the doctor, "to do my best on every occasion, and in every company, to impart what I know in the most forcible language I can put it."

DOING NOTHING.

Worthless, wicked boys I've seen
Doing nothing;
And they grew up worthless men,
Doing nothing;
Life to them a failure proved,
As they spent it, all unloved,
Doing nothing.

OLD SPECKLED HEN.

Have you e'er seen my speckled hen,
That stole into a keg,
And after, cackled long and loud,
Because she laid an egg?

This dear old cackling, speckled hen,
Was quiet in her way,
And wisely cackled only when
She laid an egg each day.

But soon she fluttered in and out,
Her feathers all awry;
I wondered what 'twas all about,
And thought she sure would die.

Now she would cluck and strut as fine
As any king or queen,
When she came off her nest to dine,
Or getting drink was seen.

But silently she kept her house,
And lay upon her bed,
As quiet as a churchyard mouse,
And never raised her head.

And when three weeks had rolled around,
A chirping sound I heard,
And, looking in the old keg, there
I saw a yellow bird!

It's little eyes were black and bright,
It cuddled in the nest;
And on its head were spots of brown,—
In softest down 'twas dressed.

Chirp! chirp! I searched and saw some more,
The old hen looked knowing;
I counted them, one! two! three! four!
The cockerel was crowing!

The hen flew out with cluck and clack,
Her ten chicks followed slow;
The chicks were bright, the hen was proud
As any hen I know.

LUCY S. RUGGLES.

LITTLE FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy,
A little fox named "By-and-By."

Then set upon him, quick, I say,
The swift young hunter "Right Away."

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox "I Can't!"

Then fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with brave and bold "I Can."

"No Use in Trying!" lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high,
With this good hunter named "I'll Try."

Among the vines in my small lot,
Creeps in the young fox "I Forgot."

Then hunt him out and to his den,
With "I-Will-Not-Forget-Again."

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named "I Don't Care."

Then let "I'm Sorry," hunter true,
Chase him far from vines and you.

HOW TO DEAL WITH NEW-LAID EGGS.

[The little girl who recites this should have a basket of eggs in her hand.]

Be gentle to the new-laid egg,
For eggs are brittle things;
They cannot fly until they're hatched
And have a pair of wings.
If once you break the tender shell
The wrong you can't redress,
The yelk and white will all run out
And make a dreadful "mess."

'Tis but a little while at best
That hens have power to lay;
To-morrow eggs may addled be
That were quite fresh to day.
Oh, let the touch, my friends be light
That takes them from the keg,
There is no hand whose cunning skill
Can mend a broken egg!

SUNBEAMS.

Merry little sunbeams,
Flitting here and there;
Joyous little sunbeams,
Dancing everywhere.
Come they with the morning light,
And chase away the gloomy night.

Kind words are little sunbeams,
That sparkle as they fall;
And loving smiles are sunbeams,
A light of joy for all.
In sorrow's eye they dry the tear,
And bring the fainting heart good cheer.

THE MINUTES.

We are but minutes—little things!
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes, yet each one bears
A little burden of joy or cares;
Take patiently the minutes of pain—
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes, when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while yet we stray,
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes—use us well,
For how we are used we must some day tell.
Who uses minutes, has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing;
  One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going—
  Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
  Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
  Learn thou first what these can teach.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

"Dear me, dear me,"
Said a busy bee;
"I'm always making honey.
No time to play
But work all day;
Isn't it very funny,
Very, very funny?"

"Oh, my, oh, my,"
Said a butterfly,
"I'm always eating honey.
And yet I play
The livelong day,
Isn't it very funny,
Very, very funny?"

THE WAKEFUL BIRDS.

The little birds are wide awake,
So early in the morn;
Just think how funny it would be
To see the robins yawn!

To hear the little sparrow say,
"Oh dear! 't is hardly light!
Mamma, I want to sleep some more,"—
'T would make you laugh outright.

They hop out of their little nest,
So cosy and so warm,
And sing their merry morning song
In sunshine and in storm.

THE TOAD.

I've heard a song about the frogs,
And bees with pretty wings,
And what a very pleasant note
The little robin sings.

But oh! no poet ever yet
Has greatly praised the toad,
Oft seated on his haunches,
A-winking in the road!

He's neither tall nor stately,
And he looks very old;
His skin all wrinkled, tough and brown—
It keeps out wet and cold.

He's very strange, ugly and coarse,
And surely very odd;
He sets all the children laughing
When he leaps o'er the sod.

But the old toad is quite friendly,
And he seems very wise,
Coming out from the old door-stone
To catch the little flies.

LUCY S. RUGGLES.

"YOURS TRULY, SIR."

A rich old bachelor once asked
A lady fair to see,
"If you were not yourself, dear Miss,
Who would you rather be?"
Beneath his earnest gaze she dropp'd
Her lovely eyes and sighed,—
"I'd rather be yours truly, sir!"
She blushingly replied.

SIX LITTLE WORDS.

Six little words arrest me every day:
I ought, must, can—I will, I dare, I may.
I ought—'tis conscience' law, divinely writ
Within my heart, the goal I strive to hit.
I must—this warns me that my way is barred,
Either by nature's law or custom hard.
I can—in this is summed up all my might,
Whether to do or know or judge aright.
I will—my diadem, by the soul impressed
With freedom's seal, the ruler in my breast.
I dare—at once a motto for the seal,
And, Dare I? barrier 'gainst unlicensed zeal.
I may—is final, and at once makes clear
The way which else might vague and dim appear.
I ought, must, can—I will, I dare, I may;
These six words claim attention every day,
Only through thee know I that, every day,
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.

THE THREE BEST DOCTORS.

The best of all the pill-box crew,
  Since ever time began,
Are the doctors who have most to do
  With the health of a hearty man.

And so I count them up again,
  And praise them as I can;
There's Dr. Diet, and Dr. Quiet,
  And Dr. Merryman.

There's Dr. Diet, he tries my tongue,
  "I know you well," says he;
"Your stomach is poor, and your liver is sprung,
  We must make your food agree."

And Dr. Quiet, he feels my wrist,
And he gravely shakes his head,
"Now, now, dear sir, I must insist
That you go at ten to bed."

But Dr. Merryman for me,
Of all the pill-box crew!
For he smiles and says, as he fobs his fee,
"Laugh on, whatever you do!"

So now I eat what I ought to eat,
And at ten I go to bed,
And I laugh in the face of cold or heat;
For thus have the doctors said!

And so I count them up again,
And praise them as I can;
There's Dr. Diet, and Dr. Quiet,
And Dr. Merryman.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

Which is the wind that brings the cold?
The north wind, Freddy, and all the snow—
And the sheep will scamper into the fold,
When the north begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?
The south wind, Katy; and corn will grow
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?
The east wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?
The west wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the west begins to blow.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

MOTHERS, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.

Patter, patter all day long,
What an eager, restless throng;
Out among the birds and bees,
Out among the flowers and trees;
In among the toys and books,
With merry smiles and sunny looks;
Hither, yon and everywhere—
Who shall guide each busy pair?

Who shall curb the sports and plays,
Teach the laddies gentle ways,
Help them as with noble will
On they strive up learning's hill?
Teach them their brave strength to share,
For the weak, the old, to care;
Lead them till in turn they stand
Leaders in a royal band?

Who shall on the lassies wait,
Knocking at youth's morning gate?
Guide their hands in deeds of love,
Keep their hearts all wrong above;
Teach them kindly words and ways,
How to help and when to praise;
Guide them till they make of home
The brightest spot 'neath Heaven's dome?

Mothers, who could wish or ask
E'er a sweeter, holier task?
Yours it is to guide youth's feet
Through life's meadows pure and sweet;
Yours to make fair, bright and good.
Gentle, tender womanhood.
And remember, while you plan,
As the boy so is the man.

Mothers, lest their feet may stray,
Walk beside them while you may.
Sports and plays are wiser far
Under love's pure guiding star.
Books will sweeter meaning take
When they're read "For mother's sake!"
Hither, yon and everywhere,
Mothers, watch with prayerful care.

CLEANLINESS.

Wash your hands, and wash your face,
And keep them very clean;
For dirty hands and dirty face
At home, abroad, should ne'er be seen.

Rub and scrub your hands and face
Great many times each day;
For if you don't your rosy cheeks
And health will fade away.

I'M VERY YOUNG.

I'm very young! but what of that?
You once were young as I;
Aud you don't know what I can do
Until you see me try.

I cannot tell you all I know—
I guess I won't tell half;
For if I should I'm very sure
You'd only sit and laugh.

I'LL PUT IT OFF.

Some little folks are apt to say,
When asked their task to touch,
"I'll put it off, at least to-day,
It cannot matter much."

Time is always on the wing,
You cannot stop its flight;
Then do at once your little task,
You'll happier be at night.

For little duties still put off,
Will end in "never done,"
And "By-and-by is time enough,"
Has ruined many a one.

ONLY A BABY.

Only a baby, 'thout any hair,
'Cept just a little fuzz here and there.

Only a baby—name you have none,
Barefooted, dimpled, sweet little one.

Only a baby—teeth none at all;
What are you good for only to squall?

Only a baby, just a week old;
What are you here for? That's to be told.

THE SPIDER.

Behold the spider in his cell!
How cunningly he weaves!
He sometimes makes his silky nest
Close in among the leaves.

Sometimes he spreads his airy tent
Upon the velvet grass,
Where through a pretty central door
He in and out can pass.

And there he sits and catches flies
Which venture oft too nigh—
The flies for him are dainty meat,
He loves to see them die.

LUCY S. RUGGLES.

THE RISING, WATCHING MOON.

Ah, the moon is watching me!
Red, and round as round can be,
Over the house and the top of the tree
Rising slowly. We shall see
Something happen very soon;—
Hide me from the dreadful moon!

Slowly, surely, rising higher,
Soon she will be as high as the spire!
It seems as if something must happen then
To all the world and all the men!
Oh, I dare not think, for I am not wise—
I must look away, I must shut my eyes!

THE LITTLE DREAMER.

A little boy was dreaming,
Upon his mother's lap,
That the pins fell out of all the stars,
And the stars fell in his cap!

So, when his dream was over,
What should this little boy do?
Why, he went and looked inside his cap,
And found it wasn't true!

LITTLE BARE FEET.

Dear little bare feet,
  Dimpled and white,
In your long night-gown
  Wrapped for the night;
Come let me count
  All your queer little toes,
Pink as the heart
  Of a shell or a rose.

One is a lady.
  That sits in the sun;
Two is a baby,
  And three is a nun;
Four is a lily,
  With innocent breast;
And five is a birdie,
  Asleep in her nest!

MAMMA'S KISSES.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,
  A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my fingers,
  A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
  A kiss when my bath begins;
My mamma is full of kisses,
  As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
  A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mamma's kisses
  To her own little baby boy!

A CONCERT GIVEN BY MR. SPRING.

A concert once by Mr. Spring
  Was given in the wood;
He begged both old and young to come,
  And all to sing who could.
Miss Lark, the music to begin,
  Her favorite ballad sang,
A well-known air, and liked by all,
  So clear her sweet voice rang.

And next a gentleman appeared,
  Come lately from abroad.
His song was short, but much admired,
  And so it was encored.
He said that Cuckoo was his name,
  His style was quite his own;
He sang most kindly while he stayed,
  But all too soon was gone.

The Finches then were asked to sing;
  Would they get up a glee
With Mr. Linnet and his wife,
  Who sing so prettily?
And in the chorus many more
  No doubt would take a part;
Young Blackcap has a splendid voice,
  And sings with all his heart.

Now came the much expected guest,
  Young Lady Nightingale,
So late that everybody feared
  She really meant to fail.
At first she said she could not sing—
  She was afraid to try;
But then she sang, and all the air
  Was filled with melody.

THE LITTLE COWSLIP.

Suppose the little cowslip
  Should hang its golden cup
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower
  I'd better not grow up;"
How many a weary traveler
  Would miss its fragrant smell;
How many a little child would grieve
  To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dew-drops
  Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
  I'd better roll away;"
The blade on which it rested,
  Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
  Would wither in the sun.

THROWING KISSES.

Don't think, dear friends, that I'm too small
  To fill a place like this;
I'm big enough to love you all,
  And throw you all a kiss.

A little word, a look, a smile,
  Will never come amiss;
Takes but a moment, as you see,
  To throw you all a kiss.

It may be that you have at home
  Some boy or little sis,
Who laughs, and peeps, and when you go
  Throws after you a kiss.

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